

A DREAM OF THE PYRAMIDS.

BEFORE I commence the following seemingly improbable narrative, it may not be amiss to state in what manner I became possessed of it. It was in the winter of the year 178—, that I was invited to spend the Christmas at a friend's house in Argyvleshire. where among other friends of my host, I met the celebrated Mr —, the Eastern traveller. Our mornings were employed in the sports of the season, each following his own inclination till the evening, when we all assembled round the blazing hearth, our conviviality heightened by our separation. Christmas festivities and conversation closed a most idly spent day, but such is the desire of man after novelty, that these amusements began to fade on our taste, and the winter night to pass heavily. It was upon one of these occasions our host proposed resorting to the old country practise of each person contributing, in turn, to the amusement of the whole, by relating some "wonderment" or marvellous adventure that had fallen under his observation.

Many were told, of which some assisted the amusement, and others contributed to the astonishment of the company. At length Mr — spoke in the following words—but I must premise that his manner of telling the tale materially assisted its effect. His singularly swarthy countenance, discoloured by burning suns, agreed well with the foreign air of his African robe, which he had

brought from Aleppo, and worn as a morning gown; and at each striking part of his narrative, his jet black eyes shone with a brilliancy that was remarked by the whole company, and, indeed, his whole appearance was that of a man who firmly believed what he was relating.

"It was whilst waiting for letters from England prior to my departure into the interior of —, that I determined to inspect the Pyramids, those celebrated monuments of gigantic tyranny and kingly oppression, whose origin and whose use seem equally unfathomable. I departed, accompanied by my English domestic and several Arabs, whom I had hired to assist me in my undertaking. The morning being the most pleasant for travelling, I set out before the sun had poured its meridian heat on the thirsty earth, and arrived at my destination in the evening, having rested during the heat of the day. The moon had already risen, and I took a dim view of those enormous masses whose effect is surprisingly magnificent in the paly beam. I wandered solitarily round their bases, while thoughts crossed my mind that renewed the ghosts or embodied forms of ideal being, which my imagination had so frequently created in my youthful days. The visions of infancy hovered darkly around me, the spirits of the mighty dead, though now forgotten, seemed to ride on the night breeze, whose feeble memories whispered to my soul, 'all is vanity.'

The stillness of the scene was only interrupted by the snarling bark of the hyenas, who lurked in the neighboring cemetery. Sometimes their hateful forms would be seen to glance from behind the dark shadow of a ruined tomb, and as suddenly lost in obscurity. The antiquity of the piles around me, the novelty of the scene, all combined to throw a sadly pleasing gloom over my mind, and I retired to my tent with feelings which I attempted to analyse in vain.

"The brightness of the morning sun dissipated the visions of the night, and I rose with renewed spirit to perform my undertaking. How different was the picture! the 'things of night' had faded away, and in their place all around seemed to rejoice.

"The trampling of steeds, the mingled voices of the many in various languages, announced the departure of the caravan. The camels were receiving their final burthen of water, and they drank deep and long, as if indued with a sense of the distance they were to proceed ere they should taste again. At another watering place, a party of female Arabs, like the shepherdesses of old, were watering their flocks, while the neighbouring city was pouring forth its thousands to their daily tasks.

"Having provided ourselves with lights and the usual accompaniments of explorers, we entered the largest pyramid at the usual place, and I proceeded on my search. The appearance of the first chamber was solitary and desolate, being filled chiefly with rubbish and remains of mummies, to which the barbarism of the natives and the curiosity of travellers had been equally destructive. Several small avenues lead out of this apartment, one of which opens into another, which had been opened, and the usual ravages had taken place. I discovered nothing but the remains of an alabaster sarcophagus and some bones, which I afterwards found to be those of an ox or a cow. The day was nearly spent in such researches, and the Arabs, who had never liked the undertaking, began to grow unruly. The fear of the

'Ghout,' who watched over the treasures they supposed I searched for, at length grew to such a height that they would stay no longer, and they left my servant and myself to prosecute our discoveries by ourselves. In truth, they could not have left me at a more inconvenient period, for I had observed some signs, which justified me in supposing, that I was near a large and unopened chamber. It was at the end of a dark passage, near the mouth of one of those wells with which the place abounds, which diffused a most noxious vapour, and it was only my ardent desire for discovery, that could have induced me to continue the operations I had commenced. My torches also were nearly all consumed, and I was obliged to send my servant for a further supply. While he was gone, I proceeded to introduce an iron crow into the interstices of the stone, for the purpose of wrenching an entrance, but the strength of the building opposed my efforts, and I sat down dispirited on a block of stone near the before-mentioned well. Here, in a short time, I began to feel the influence of its pestilential air, my head grew giddy, and I should have fallen from my seat, had I not, by a great exertion, roused myself, and proceeded in my attempt to force a passage. Whilst in the act of giving a tremendous blow on the stone, the agitation of the air extinguished my light, but the blow was not lost, for it fell and executed its object by making a breach in the barrier that had opposed my progress. As I was provided with phosphorus, I did not feel any alarm for the loss of my light, but proceeded to feel what effect had been produced on the wall. I found a large aperture, sufficient to admit me thro', and on introducing my head, I saw, or thought I saw, a light shining thro' a crevice at the further end of the apartment. Astonished at what I thought must be an illusion of the sense, I hesitated to kindle my own light, and cautiously entered the newly opened chamber. I found I trod on a fine surface, and on walking across it, applied my eye to what I

plainly saw to be an opening in a loosely built partition, which, as I leaned against, suddenly gave way, and I found myself the spectator of a singular scene. In an ancient and large chamber, on a couch of stone, I saw reclining the figure of a man, seemingly aged, though still vigorous, his long beard, 'a sable silvered,' fell in large and ample curls upon his breast and arms, and added to the effect of his countenance, which was strongly indented with deep furrows, that appeared to be produced more by sorrow than by age. From the ceiling was suspended an iron lamp of an ancient form, by the light of which I was enabled to remark the above particulars, and as its wavering flame flashed on the face of the singular being before me, it added to its deathly hue; indeed, I should not have thought him to be alive, had not his deep respiration convinced me of it. The appearance of the apartment assimilated well with its inmate; around the walls were several rows of mummies, some in a standing position with their faces uncovered, and the lip being fallen, gave them the appearance of grinning horribly at each other. I advanced a step from the place where, fixed with astonishment, I had remarked all this in far less time than it has taken to recite it; on a nearer view, I found that he was clad in the common dress of the East, and what particularly took my attention was, that on his uncovered and livid brow, was fastened a rudely partitioned cross of diamonds, seemingly of great price. Hardly aware of my intention, I stretched forth my hand to touch it, when, with a long, deep-drawn sigh, the sleeper awoke; he threw his dark eyes, which sparkled with a brilliancy that surpassed his jewelled front, wildly around him, and when they rested on me, he cried, 'What art thou come? destroyer, thou art welcome, then at last shall I be relieved from my burthen, be free as the winds of heaven. But if destruction be not thy purpose; if thou hast a nature that clings to the softer feel-

ings of humanity, why disturb my repose?' I must here state that he spoke in Hebrew, or rather modern Syriac, which I understand perfectly, having, before I left England, acquired the reputation of being profoundly acquainted with it. Seeing me about to reply, he continued; 'Nay, speak not; to gratify an idle curiosity, you penetrate the sanctuary of the dead, disturb the last mansions of the mighty, of the illustrious, of the great and good. Here, at least, I hoped to escape from the idle crowd whose thoughts are folly, and whose lives are but vanity. Thou seemest to stand astonished, but thy fears are the effects of thy ignorance. I am no being of immaterial mould, but, thank heaven, mortal like thyself, death must come at last and close a scene of lengthened misery; centuries are past since I have been an inhabitant of these vast piles, already ancient at my birth. Here from the glaring day I sought repose, but the undying worm was in my heart; sleep could not lull it, amid the crowd it was felt embittering every taste of bliss. Oh! the thought of R—— followed me every where. Mortal! these eyes have seen what man can never see, and like so meek, so forgiving, pardon; oh, pardon! But yon black fiend laughs at my misery, mocks my prayers, derides my hopes,—oh! 'tis bitterer than death to feel what I feel. Death, said I? fool, 'tis bliss to die; when shall I feel its sting, rejoicing in its agony? then, and then alone can I join those who long have left me a lonely wanderer on the earth. Oh! Mighty One, let me not live thus; no kindred can I claim—no living heart beats in unison with mine; no joys of home can warm my soul, confined within a fleshy prison, panting for freedom and for death. Mortal! I despised Him, reviled the Saviour of the world; then came the unchanging fiat, live and be a wretch. I vainly thought it was a blessing, not a curse; I will revel in delight, I said, all that earth can yield shall be mine, ages shall be born and follow

each other to the tomb, but I in never-ending manhood shall laugh at what strikes horror to every other heart. How futile, to think life or length of days can give happiness ! the partner of my heart died—I felt the pang—child after child fell in worldly strife, and I was left alone ; then first I felt the curse indeed, to be alone amid a crowd, to feel no interest in all that wakes the heart of man ; then I sought death and found it not : fire fled from me, water abhorred me, the depths of the great deep were known to me, the nameless myriads of its dens crawled around me, storms arose scattering navies to destruction and hurling me to land ; earth quaked—I leapt into its yawning bosom—even then, I breathed in agony to bursting—but the time was not come, the bursting volcano buried towns in ruins.—I was cast forth unharmed ; the breath of the desert knew me—the Zemoun blasted the caravan, and left me alone ; I touched the plague-spot, but it was innoxious—swords of men shivered over my head, nought could harm the devoted ; then I would pass my time in pleasure, but while woman

smiled, when the wine-cup sparkled in my hand, I felt the curse ; I sought wealth, and despised it ; I turned conqueror—slew my thousands, and was wretched ; I loved woman, and she died, I could not follow. Light grew hateful to my eyes, I detested man and his paltry wishes, I sought solitude amid these ruins, but here has he penetrated ; I foresaw it, and determined he should perish. I touch that stone, and these masses crush us both ; thou wilt die, but I must writhe in agony till he come.’

“ He moved, but I could not : every feeling was benumbed ; I gasped for breath, every thing faded from my sight, a confused noise of falling ruins was in mine ear : I fell, and knew no more. When I awoke, I was in my tent, supported by my servant, who said, after a long search he discovered me near the spot where he had left me. The next day I could discover no traces of the breach in the wall ; I knocked, but could make no impression ; and on relating to my servant what I had seen, he said I had been in a trance ; but I can never consider it such.”

A SHOCKING DEATH!

MA. EDITOR,—The subject of the following story, Mr. William Pope, had once been the subject of deep religious impressions; but he had grieved the Holy Spirit; and joined the company of infidels. The account of his death, from which some extracts are here made, I lately heard read in conference meeting, and from the effect it produced, wish it may have a place in your paper, and upon the mind of every one who reads it, that it may produce a similar effect. It is here presented as an epitome of that eternal wrath which awaits all the finally impenitent. *Boston Rec. & Tel.*

The awful and affecting cases of Newport, Altamont and Spira, have long confirmed the weighty truth, that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. The following narrative, though less known, is not less awful, and less impressive.—Its truth is confirmed by the joint testimony of various respectable witness-

es. One of them is Mr. Simpson, the well known author of "A Plea for Religion." He saw the unhappy subject of this narrative once, but declared he never desired to see him again. The melancholy affair happened in the year 1797, and excited considerable attention in the town and neighbourhood of Bolton, in Lancashire, Eng. where he lived.

April 17, 1797, I was desired, says Mr. Rhodes, the narrator of the following account, to visit William Pope. For some months he had been afflicted with a consumptive complaint. At the same time the state of his mind was deplorably wretched. When I first saw him, he said, "Last night I believe I was in hell, and felt the horrors and torments of the damned! but God has brought me back again, and given me a little longer respite. My mind is also alleviated a little.

"The gloom of guilty terrors does not sit so heavy upon me as it did! and I have something like a faint hope, that after all I have done, God may yet bless and save me." After exhorting him to repentance, and confidence in the Almighty Saviour, I prayed with him and left him.

April 18, I went to see William Pope; he had all the appearance of horror and guilt, which a soul feels, when under a sense of the wrath of God. As soon as he saw me he exclaimed, "You are come to see one who is damned forever." I answered, "I hope not, Christ came to save the chief of sinners." He replied, "I have rejected him; I have despised him; therefore he hath cast me off for ever. I know the day of grace is past."

gone—never more to return?" I entreated him not to draw hasty conclusions respecting the will of God; and I asked him if he could pray, or felt a desire that God would give him a broken and contrite heart? He answered, "I cannot pray, my heart is quite hardened; I have no desire to receive any blessing at the hands of God," and then immediately cried out, "O the hell!—the torment!—the fire that I feel within me! O eternity, eternity! To dwell forever with devils and damned spirits in the burning lake, must be my portion! and that justly—yea, very justly!"

On Thursday I found him groaning under the weight of the displeasure of God. His eyes rolled to and fro: he lifted up his hands, and with vehemence cried out, "O the burning flame! the hell! the pain I feel! Rocks, yea burning mountains fall upon me, and cover me! Ah no! they cannot hide me from his presence who fills the universe?" I spoke a little of the justice and power of Jehovah, to which he made this pertinent reply: "He is *just*, and is now punishing and will continue to punish me for my sins.—He is powerful, and will make me strong to bear the torments of hell to all eternity! You do not know what I have done. My crimes are not of an ordinary nature. I have done—done the deed—the horrible, damnable deed!" I prayed with him; and while I was thus employed, he said with inexpressible rage, "I will not have salvation at the hands of God! No! no! I will not ask it of him!" After a short pause, he cried out, "Oh how I long to be in the bottomless pit! in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone!"

When I mentioned the power of the Almighty to save, "God," said he, "is Almighty to damn me! He hath already sealed my damnation, and I long to be in hell!"

On the afternoon of the 24th, Mr.

Barracrough called to see him.—For some time he would not speak. After being repeatedly asked how he felt in his mind, he replied "Bad, bad."—Mr. Barracrough said, "God can make it better." "What, make me better!—I tell you no; I have done the horrible deed, and it cannot be undone again. I feel I must declare to you what it is for which I am suffering. The Holy and just one! I have crucified the Son of God afresh, and counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing! O that wicked and horrible deed of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost which I know I have committed! It is for this I am suffering the torture and horrors of guilt, and a sense of the wrath of God." He then suddenly looked upwards towards the chamber floor, and started back; he trembled, gnashed his teeth, and cried out, "Do you not see? Do you not see him? He is coming for me! The devil will fetch me, I know he will! Come, O Devil, and take me."

On the 25th, says Mr Rhodes, I called to see William Pope, and asked him how he was; he answered, "Very bad in body and soul, there is nothing good about me." I said to him, "William, if God were willing to save you for Christ's sake, and if you knew that he were so, would you not be willing to be saved?"—"No," he answered, "I have no willingness, nor any desire to be saved. You will not believe me when I tell you it is all over. If I had a million of worlds, I would give them all to undo what I have done. I know hell burns within me now; and the moment my soul quits the body, I shall be in such torments as none can conceive! I have denied the Saviour! I have blasphemed the Most High! and have said, O that I were stronger than God."

On the 26th, I visited him for the last time. I saw his dissolution was at hand. My soul pitied him. My painful feelings on his account cannot be

expressed. I spoke to him with tenderness and plainness about the state of his soul; and of another world; but he answered me with a high degree of displeasure; his countenance at the same time was horrible beyond expression; and with great vehemence he commanded me to cease speaking to him. I then told him it would be the last time that ever I should see him in this world; asked if he were willing for me to put up another prayer for him? He then with great strength, considering his weakness, cried out, "No." This is the last word which I heard him speak. I left him, and he died in the evening.

Oracle.

A SHORT MYSTERY.

From the German.

(The following narrative is founded on fact.)

In the village of Rubeland (which is situate in the Lower Hartz, in the county of Rrinstein) there are superstitions enough to satisfy a poet or a monk. There is not an old man who has not a goblin story to tell for every white hair that is left on his foolish head: and there is not a village girl who will go to sleep, on any night between Michaelmas and Easter, without mumbling a prayer for protection against the elves and dwarfs of the country.

I am ashamed to say it, (for it is my native place)—but there is not perhaps a more ignorant and idle set of people than is to be found in this same village of Rubeland. It is like a spot on which the light of Heaven has never shone; dark, melancholy, and superstitious. The inhabitants work a little (and lazily) in the morning, in order to earn a miserable meal, and at night they bewilder their weak brains with telling and listening to stories about goblins and fairies, which would make a man of the world absolutely die with laughter to hear. The only excuse for them is, that their fathers and grandfathers up to the flood have been all as foolish as themselves. I never heard of a philosopher having been born in Rubeland; no, not one. One fellow, indeed, who called himself an orator, and who had tolerable success as a travelling tinker and mountebank, claimed it as his native place; and a poor youth, who slept all day for the purpose of writing nonsense-verses at night, was certainly born there: but no one else who can be called even remarkable.

It is a singular fact that my great uncle Wilhelm should have chosen the neighbourhood of this village to live in: but so it was. My uncle Wilhelm—the reader doubtless has often studied his learned productions) was professor of medicine in the colleges of Gottingen. It was he who made such a noise throughout all Germany, twenty years ago, by his famous papers on the disease *hypochondriasis*, as every body knows. During the winter months, and indeed during those parts of spring and autumn which verge upon winter, he dwelt at Gottingen in quality of professor; but in the full summer season he shut up his laboratory, and came to enjoy quiet and breath the fresh air of the country, in the neighbourhood of our village of Rubeland.

My uncle was a sad sceptical fellow in some things. He laughed at the great ghost of the *Hartz* mountains—the magic tower of *Scharzfeld*—the dwarf-holes of *Walkenried*—the dancing pool—the devil's wall—the copper kettles of the elves, and all the rest of the infernal machinery of the little spirits; and positively roared himself into an asthma, and affronted three of the richest burghers of Blankenburg by the ridicule which he cast upon the idol *Pustrick* or *Spit-fire* to their faces. My uncle, moreover, cared nothing for the people only two inches and a half high. He had enough to do, he protested, with the larger race of fools: the little ones he left to the pigmy doctors, of whom he had no doubt but that there was a large number. It was natural, he said, that it should be so: it was as natural that there should be found doctors where there was plenty of patients, as that in places where there was a

multitude of cabbages and fruit, there should be (as there always is) a plentiful stock of caterpillars and grubs.

But my purpose is not, at present, to give a detail of my uncle Wilhelm's opinions, some of which might shock the tender-minded reader; but simply to rescue an anecdote, which I have heard him relate, from unmerited oblivion. "I was going," said he—but I believe I must still keep him as a third person singular. I can manage the matter better in that way, and the reader will excuse me.

It was on a wet evening, then, in the month of September 17—, that an elderly man, respectably dressed, stopped at the little inn of the village of Rubeland. On dismounting he gave particular directions to the ostler to be careful of his nag (a stout little roadster), and proceeded straight to the kitchen-fire, where he disencumbered himself of his outer coat and boots, and ordered the private room to be made ready for his reception. The landlady bustled about to do his bidding, while the stranger sat down quietly among the boors who crowded round the great kitchen-fire, some of whom offered him the civility of the better seats, but he rejected all with a silent shake of the head, and in fact appeared to be occupied with any thing but what was going on around him. At last, his valise having been unstrapped and brought in, some idea or other occurred to his recollection, and he opened one of the ends of the "leathern convenience," and took thereout a bulky object, containing a variety of curious instruments. These he examined, wiping some and breathing upon others, and displaying all to the wondering eyes of the peasants, who were not long in coming to the conclusion that he was a conjuror of no common acquirements. The stranger, however, did not observe their astonishment. Indeed it is very doubtful whether he remembered that any one was near him; for he quoted once or twice a Latin sentence, pressed a concealed spring or two in some of the instruments, which shot out their steel talons at his touch, and in a word performed such other marvels, as occasioned a considerable sensation among his spectators. If the truth must be told, they all huddled together more closely than before, and avoided coming in contact even with the tail of his coat.

All this could not last long, the more especially as the little busy landlady had done her best in the mean time to get the stranger's room in order, and which she announced as being ready at the very moment that he was in the midst of a Latin soliloquy. This he cut short without ceremony on hearing the news, took up his valise, instruments, &c. and quitted the kitchen for the parlour.

And now came the time for conjecture. '*What* could the stranger be?—a magician? an ogre? a ——' but they waited to see whether or not he would order two or three little children to be roasted for supper before they resolved upon their conclusions. In the course of a minute or two he rang his bell, and, to their great disappointment, ordered a fowl and a bottle of wine to be got ready;—absolutely nothing more. This perplexed the Rubelanders almost as much as the curious instruments which he had exhibited. On consideration, however, they thought that the stranger's caution had probably put a rein upon his appetite, and that he had contented himself for once with vulgar fare.

But it is not my intention to speculate on all the speculations which entered into the heads of the villagers of Rubeland. It is sufficient for

my present purpose to state, that by a natural turn of conversation the villagers began to consider how they might best turn the visit of the stranger to account. Some proposed that he should sow the great common with florins, another that he should disclose where the great pots of money lay that were hid by the elves, when a band of those malicious wretches was dispersed by Saint Somebody during the time of Henry the Fowler. At last old Schwartz, the only man who had a glimmering of common sense in the room, suggested that he should be requested to visit the cottage of young Rudolph, who lay tormented with visions and spirits, about a mile off the village. And the reason why Schwartz proposed this was, as he said, "because he observed the old gentleman put his hand upon the pulse of the landlady's daughter, and keep it there as though he were in count, at the time he left the kitchen." Although this was a sad descent from the florins and pots of gold, the influence of Schwartz was considerable among his fellows, and he finally prevailed. The stranger was petitioned to visit the pillow of Rudolph, and the sick man's state described to him. He immediately and almost joyfully consented. He only stipulated for the two wings and breast of the chicken, and half a dozen glasses of Grafenburg, and then he said "he should be ready."

I must now transport the reader from the little inn of Rubeland to the cottage of Rudolph, the patient. He will imagine the stranger recruited by a good supper and some excellent Grafenburg wine, and see him seated by the bedside of the young peasant, holding his wrist gently in one hand, and inquiring cheerfully into the nature of his ailment. Although he could get no definite answer on this point, Rudolph was ready enough to tell his story, and the stranger very wisely let him proceed. If the reader can summon up as much patience as the stranger did, he may listen to the present narrative. These are the very words,—(for the stranger, being a plain-spoken man, thought it well to note down the particular words of the sufferer, in order to show the strength of the impressions which had been made upon his brain):—

—"It was a stormy night on which I married Elfrid, the widow's child. We had been made one by the priest at the neighbouring church, just before twilight; and during the ceremony my bride shivered and turned aside from the holy water, and her eyes glistened like the lights of the glowworm, and when it was ended she laughed aloud. The priest crossed himself; and I, while my heart sank within me, took home the beauty of the village.

"No one knew how the mother of Elfrid had lived. She dwelt in a fair cottage, round which wild flowers blossomed, and the grapevines ran curling like green serpents. She was waited on by an old Spanish woman, but never went abroad. She paid regularly for every article which she bought, and spent freely, though not prodigally. Some said that she received a pension from the Elector of ———; others that strange noises were heard on the quarter days in her house, and that her money was paid at midnight!

"She had only one child,—Elfrid; a pale and melancholy girl, whose eyes were terribly lustrous, and whose hair was dark as the plumage of the raven. She walked with a slow majestic pace: she seldom spoke; but when she spoke, it was sweetly though gravely; and she sang sometimes, when the tempest was loudest, in strange tones

which seemed almost to belong to the winds. Yet she was gentle, charitable, and, had she frequented the village church, would have been universally beloved. I became the lover of the widow's child. I loved her first one stormy autumn—I forget how many moons ago—but it was soon after I received this wound in the forehead by a fall in the Hartz. I was dissuaded from marrying her; for I had deserted a tender girl for her; but my mad passion prevailed, and I took my young wife, Elfrid, home, to a cottage on the banks of the solitary Lake of Erloch.

“Come near me, my sweet bride,” I said; but she sate with her hands clasped upon her knees, and looked upward, yet half aside, as though she were trying to distinguish some voice amidst the storm. “’Tis only the raging of the wind, my love,” said I. “Hush!” answered she, “this is my wedding song. Why is my brother’s voice not amongst them?” And she sate still, like a shape of alabaster, and the black hair streamed over her shoulders; and methought she looked like that famous Sibyl who offered to the proud Tarquin her terrible books. And I began to fear lest I had married a dæmon of the air; and sometimes I expected to see her dissolve in smoke, or be borne off on the wings of the loud blast.

“And so she sate for a long time, pale and speechless; but still she seemed to listen, and sometimes turned a quick ear round, as though she recognized a human voice. At last the wind came sighing, and moaning, and whining through the door and casements, and she cried—‘Ho, ho! are you there, brother? It was well done, indeed, to leave my husband here, without a song at his wedding.’ And she smiled, and clapped her hands, and sang—oh! it was like a dirge—low, humming, indistinct noises, seemed to proceed from her closed lips; and her cheeks brightened, and her eyes dilated, and she waved her white hand up and down, and mimicked the rising and falling of the wind.

“We were alone in our lonely cottage. I know not how it was, but we were alone. My brothers had not come to me, and my sister lay at home ill. ‘’Tis a wild night, my lovely Elfrid,’ said I; and she smiled and nodded, and I ran my fingers through her dark hair; and while I held up a massy ringlet, the wind came and kissed it till it trembled. ‘Oh! are you there?’ said my bride; and I told her I had lifted up the black lock: but she said that it was not I, but another.

“Then we heard the sobbing and swelling of the lake, and the rushing of the great waves into the creeks, and the collecting and breaking up of the billows upon the loose pebbly shore. And sometimes they seemed to spit their scorn upon the winds, and to lash the large trunks of the forest trees. And I said, ‘I almost fear for thee, my Elfrid, for the lake sounds as though it would force its banks,’—and she smiled. ‘The spirits of the water are rebellious to-night,’ exclaimed she: ‘their mistress, the moon, is away; and they know not where to stop. Shall we blow them back to their quiet places?’ I replied that it would be well, were it possible; and she lifted up her hand, and cried ‘Do ye hear?’—and the wind seemed to answer submissively; and then suddenly it grew loud, and turned round and round like a hurricane, and we heard the billows go back—and back—and the lake seemed to recede—and the waters grew gentle—and then quiet; and at last there was deep and dark silence all around me and my bride.

“ And then it was that I lighted a torch, and our supper was spread. The cold meats and dainties were laid upon a snow-white cloth, and the bright wines sparkled like the eyes of Elfrid. I took her hand and kissed her, but her lips felt like the cold air. ‘ Herman, my fond husband,’ said she, I am wholly thine; but thou hast not welcomed me hither with a song. It is the custom where I was born, and I must not be wholly thine without it.’—‘ What shall I sing?’ inquired I. ‘ Oh!’ said she, ‘ the matter may be what you please, but the manner must be mine. Let it be free thus—thus—’ (and she sang a strange burial chant)—‘ thus,—rising and falling like the unquiet tempest.’ I essayed a few words—but they were troubled and spiritless—

“ My love, my love, so beautiful, so wise!
I’ll sing to *thee*, beneath the dawning moon,
And blow my pastoral reed
In the cold twilight, till thine eyes shine out
Like blue stars sparkling in thy forehead white.
I’ll sing to *thee*, until thy cloudy hair
Dissolve before my kisses pure and warm.
Oh! as the rose-fed bee doth sing in May,
To thee, my January flower, I’ll sing
Many a winter melody,
Such as comes sighing through the shaking pines,
Mournfully,—mournfully,
And through the pillar’d beeches stripp’d of leaves
Makes music, till the shuddering water speaks
In ripples on the forest shores—”

“ Away!” said my bride, interrupting my song—“ away!
Thou hast wed the wind, thou hast wed the air—
Thy bride is as false as fair:—
As the dew of the dawn
Beneath the sun,
Is her life, which beginneth afresh
When day is done.
I am fashion’d of water and night,
Of the vapour that hanats the brain—
I die at the dawn of light,
But at eve—I revive again!
Like a spirit who comes from the rolling river,
Changing for ever,—for ever,—for ever!”

And she muttered again, and again—“ for ever,”—and “ for ever!” And even as she sang methought her long arms grew colder, and longer, and clasped me round and round, like the twining of the snake or the lizard. I shrank from her in terror, when she laughed once more in her unearthly way, and shewed her white teeth in anger. “ Dost thou not love me, Elfrid?” said I;—and she laughed again, and a thousand voices, which then seemed to invest our cottage on every side, laughed fiercely and loudly, till our dwelling shook to its centre. “ Ah, ha! dost thou hear them?” said she—“ Love thee!—Can the wind love thee?—or the air?—or the water? Can fire delight in thee?—But, ay: *that*, with its flickering voice and curling tongue, may embrace thee, as it clasps the heretic martyrs; but no further. The elements are above thee, thou youth of clay! Why wouldst thou tempt them, fond thing, by linking thy short life to their immortality?” And as she spoke, she kissed me for the first time with her chilling lips, and whispered over me, and I sank shivering into another life.

—“ And in this state I have seen more than ever met the eye of man. I have seen the rack stoop down, and the whirlwind pause, and the stars come about me, by hundreds and thousands, hurrying and glancing. Dumb nature has spoken before me, and the strange language of animals has become clear. I have looked (as the Dervise did) into the hollow earth, and there beheld dull metals and flaming minerals, gold and rubies, silver, and chrysolites, and amethysts, all congregated in blazing heaps. I have seen the earthquake struggling in his cavern like a beast. I have communed with unknown natures, and sate by the dropsy and the awful plague. And once methought we went out—I and my bride—into some forest which had no end, and walked among multitudes—millions of trees :—The broad great oak was there, with his rugged trunk and ponderous arms, which he stretched out over us :—the witch elms waved and whispered, and the willow fawned upon us and shook its dishevelled hair :—we heard the snake rustling in the grass, and saw his glittering eyes and leper’s coat ; and he writhe and curled before us on our path, as though some unseen dominion were upon him ; and the owl laughed at us from his hole ; and the nightingale sang in the pine : and some birds there were which gave us welcome, and hundreds chattered in the abundance of their joy. All this while my bride was silent, and paced slowly beside me, upon the greensward. And she never lifted her pallid face from the ground, though I asked earnestly, again and again, how it was that the brute creatures had awakened from their dumb trance, and stood up before us with the intelligence of man !

—“ Sometimes I think that all this may be—a dream. I am here (*where am I ?*)—wasting, like half-sunned snow. My flesh shrinks, my spirit quails, and my imagination is always restless, night and day. All my left side seems palsy-struck, and my heart is as cold as stone. My limbs are useless, and over my very brain the chilling winter seems to have blown !

—“ Yet, no ; it cannot be a dream : for once, in every month, when the white moon grows round, and casts down her floods of cold light upon the fields and rivers, until the waters dance and the branches quiver with intense delight, *She* comes to my bedside, and still bends over me. Then, while I lie motionless, though awake, she kisses my lips with so cold a kiss, that methinks I am frozen inwards to the heart. And my head—my head is a burning ball—ha, ha !—you should come to me when the moon is ripe. *Then* you shall see the gambols of the water-elves—and the spirits who ride upon the storm-winds—and the mermen,—and the unnatural sights of the deep black ocean—and the HELL that is always about me ! Will you come—and look at the wonders which I will show you ?—Will you come ?—”

• • • • •

—“ Let me look upon your forehead,” said the stranger, when the faintness which here seized Rudolph had put an end to his tale. “ Methinks the error is *here*, rather than in the moon.”

“ Is there any hope that I shall be disenchanted ?” inquired the youth faintly.

“ We will see,” replied the stranger : “ You must have patience and water-diet. You must be obedient, too, to those whom I shall bid attend you ; and—but at present we will tie a string round your arm and see of what colour is the blood of an elf.”

“Shall I be free?” reiterated the youth; “I have cursed——”

“Have you prayed?” asked my uncle Wilhelm; (for he was, as will be remembered, the stranger of the inn)—“have you prayed?”

“That never occurred to me,” said the young peasant, as his blood ran freely upon the puncture of my uncle’s lancet—“That certainly never occurred to me;—but I will try.”

“In the mean time,” observed my uncle, “I will do my best; and it shall go hard but we will conquer the elves.”—

— — And, in fact, my uncle Wilhelm *did* finally prevail. The peasant Rudolph recovered, and wedded the girl whose society he had once forsaken. What become of Elfrid, or whether she existed at Rubeland, or elsewhere, I never was able to learn. Perhaps, after all, she was but a fiction—a distinct one, undoubtedly—but, probably, like many others of the spirits of the Hartz: nay, it is not impossible, even, but that she may have arisen from that very tumble which our friend Rudolph had amongst those celebrated mountains.

—“A lancet, a blister, and a gallon or two of barley-water,” my uncle Wilhelm used to assert, would put to flight the most formidable band of elves or spirits that ever infested a German district; and, to say truth, I begin almost to renounce my old faith in those matters, and to come round to my uncle’s opinion.

AN ACCOUNT OF
THE LATE MRS. SLATER.

Philadelphia, the beloved wife of Richard Barry Slater, Esq. M. D. of High Wycombe, and second daughter of the late Sir Thomas Cayley, Bart. of Brompton Hall, in the County of York, was early distinguished by a superior understanding, and much personal beauty; born and educated in fashionable life, she soon became, and for many years continued to be, the object of particular admiration in most of the gay circles of York and its neighbourhood. At the same time, although of a high and quick spirit, yet this was so chastened by the native sweetness and benevolence of her disposition, as to render her equally the object of love among the poor, in the village and vicinity of Brompton, to whose wants, both in sickness and in health, she greatly delighted to administer. And it fairly may be questioned, whether viewed among the rich or poor, a more fascinating earthly object could readily be seen. But God, who is rich in mercy, had better things in store for her, on whom he had thus liberally bestowed his natural gifts. In his providence she was led to visit her sister, Mrs. Blackden, at High Wycombe, and here it was that the sound of the ever blessed gospel was first directed to the outward ear, and subsequently sent home with divine and saving power to her heart. Her thirst for knowledge, having thus received a heavenly bias, led her diligently to seek every opportunity of obtaining religious instruction, and likewise the conversation of such as she believed were the real disciples of Christ. Although nothing beyond a visit to her sister was at first intended, yet a similarity in their desires and pursuits now determined Miss Cayley to give up all thoughts of returning into Yorkshire. Often has she been heard to say, how unsatisfying, disappointing, and vexatious were all the pleasures (so called) of fashionable life, at their very best. That their resemblance to the "crackling of thorns" was most apt and just; and that to a rational being *merely*, there was, notwithstanding all their boasted value, nothing in them but vanity and melancholy degradation. It will then at once be expected, that now, when Divine light was shining into her heart, she no longer sought, or could endure such muddy pleasures and gratifications. And so it was, on the contrary, if ever betrayed into any measure of conformity thereto, the painful reflection of inconsistency, at least, was sure to follow. The truth is, she now was rescued from this ensnaring and dangerous world. Miss Cayley had resided but a short time in and near Wycombe, when the sorrowful writer of these lines became acquainted with her high excellencies, and was soon richly blessed in marriage with her. This took place in the month of October, 1800. In consequence of this union, she became the valued and intimate friend of the late Rev. Thomas Scott, the Rev. Nathaniel Gilbert, and many of the pious of that day, both among the clergy and others. She continued to grow in heavenly wisdom, and the effects were beautifully scriptural and adorning. The integrity of her mind was most striking, and the revered commentator before alluded to has often gratified and delighted her fond husband, by saying, that such honesty of character he had rarely found. In the year 1805, she gave birth to a son, but was quickly called to resign that comfort to Him who bestowed it. And here the extent and worth of her religion began to shine forth. The blow was heavy—but not a murmur on the occasion, nor scarcely a word beyond that of meek submission, was ever heard from her lips. Her recovery from this confinement was marked by real growth in grace. A firm adherence to the great truths of the gospel, and clear discrimination in all essential points of doctrine, deep humility, love to the Saviour, his cause, his people, his ordinances; pity and compassion for the miserable and destitute, anxiety for the salvation of her neighbours, and the whole world, the most tender love for relations and friends, with frequent prayers that they might be "bound up in the bundle of life," were the prominent marks of grace in this delightful creature's daily walk. The retired path in which she was destined to move, afforded no room for any thing that could dazzle or astonish; but like "the path of the just, it was as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Prov. iv. 18. The duties of every relative situation were faithfully discharged, but when viewed in the character of a wife, she surpassed all admiration and praise; and while busy memory would attempt to retrace the loveliness and the countless endearments of her tender and warm affection, a bleeding heart is nearly overwhelmed, and can never cease deeply to deplore the loss of such transcendent worth. Thus she travel-

led on, one year succeeding to another, producing nothing of display or of a noisy ostentatious religion; but, under many painful vicissitudes, Christ was her support, the Holy Ghost was her guide and comforter, and heaven, with all its glories, often stood open to her view, as her peaceful and happy home. The last year of her earthly existence was marked by more than common evidence of the power, compassion, love, and consolation of our great High Priest. In the beginning of 1828, it pleased God to visit her with severe paralysis, which for a time precluded all hope of any measure of recovery; but the free exercise of her mental powers, and likewise of spirit, were mercifully restored, and these were now indeed consecrated to the glory of her God and Saviour. Divine wisdom, submission, patience, faith, love, meekness, were all seen in their most attractive and edifying extent and beauty. Her mind was stayed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and He kept her in perfect peace. The simplicity of her faith was most remarkable, and was seldom, if ever, much interrupted. It has been observed that naturally she was of a high spirit, and of quick sensibilities, but now not only was her temper unruffled, during all the days and nights of peculiar weakness, languor, or suffering: but, with perfect truth it may be said, that not an unhallowed wave was even once perceived to disturb her peaceful breast, from the commencement of her distressing illness, to the hour of her dismissal from this vale of tears. Thanksgiving and praise to the Rock of her Salvation, mingled with touching pity and compassion for the afflicted and distressed, were the themes on which her spirit delighted to dwell. Towards all her friends and attendants nothing but gentleness and gratitude breathed forth; and now, when the tendency of that disease with which it pleased infinite goodness to visit her is remembered, how commonly it is accompanied with much irritability and impatience, the power of Divine grace most exquisitely beamed forth in the constant composure and serenity of her mind.

Convulsions closed this bright and edifying example of the Christian character, on the 4th of February. "Patience had accomplished her perfect work;" all her sufferings and sorrow are left below; she is securely lodged in the bosom of her Saviour; her flesh rests in hope; and, at the great rising day, awaking in the likeness of her Redeemer, those transporting words, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," shall perfect the bliss of her enraptured soul. Then shall she receive that crown of righteousness which God the righteous Judge shall give to all his ransomed church, in that day when he maketh up his jewels. Glory be to God on high.

R. B. S.

[London Christian Guardian.

Power of Conscience.—An individual has been committed to jail in Fayetteville, (N. C.) charged with having murdered a Mr. Munroe, who was found dead near that place last winter, and whose death was attributed, at the time, to his having fallen from his horse in a state of intoxication. The person now in prison was arrested in consequence of certain disclosures which were made by a white woman, who having attended a Camp Meeting, became so much affected by the exercises, that she could obtain no ease of mind, until she unburthened her conscience. She confessed to one of the Preachers that the deceased Munroe was murdered at her house, and that Williamson, (now in jail) was concerned in the perpetration of the horrid deed.

Maxims.—Nature has given us two ears, two eyes, and one tongue, to the end that we should hear and see more than we speak.

A rich man, though a fool and a miser, is flattered and respected by the world, ten times more than a man of merit, who is not rich.

MISCELLANY.

AWFUL NARRATIVE.

The following interesting account is given by the late Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, when editor several years ago of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." It has hardly a parallel in its kind:—"I once in my early days," says Dr. Currie, "heard, (for it was night, I could not see,) a traveller drowning, not in the Annan itself, but in the frith of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him in the night, as he was passing the sands of Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water *three foot abreast*. The traveller got upon a standing net, a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance, till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of night, and amidst the pause of the hurricane, his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance,—no one knew where he was;—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters.—But morning rose,—the tide had ebbed,—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind." It is hardly conceivable that any incident ever occurred better calculated to excite the strongest sympathies in human beings; and it is told in a manner and with a brevity and feeling that could not be improved.

A THOUGHT FOR THE THOUGHTLESS.

It was affectingly said by Walsingham, prime Minister to England's boasted Queen, when rallied by those around him upon his habitual seriousness, "Ah! my friends, while we laugh, all things are serious round about us. God is serious, who exerciseth such patience towards us. Christ is serious, who shed his blood for us. The Holy Ghost is serious, who striveth against the obstinacy of our hearts. The Sacred Scriptures bring to our ears the most serious and important things in the world. The Holy Sacraments represent to us the most serious and awful matters. The whole creation is serious in serving God, and us. All that are in heaven, and in hell are serious. How then can *man* that hath one foot in the grave, live in jest, and thoughtless levity!"

Magnificent White Moss Rose.—There is at present growing at Slensingfield Hall, near Rippon, the seat of Col. Dalton, a beautiful white moss rose tree, covering upward 126 square feet of wall, it has upon it 980 flowers and buds, namely 244 flowered, 276 in flower, and 460 buds to flower, all perfect and as white as snow. It is believed that this plant cannot be equalled in the kingdom, either for its size or the number and perfection of its flowers.—*English paper.*

Paulding, James K

The New-York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Oct 17, 1829; 7, 15;

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During the voyage to Gibraltar, Morgan's conduct served to increase the impression his appearance had made upon the crew. He sometimes went without eating for several days together, at least no one ever saw him eat; and, if he ever slept at all, it was without shutting his eyes, or lying down, for his messmates, one and all, swore that, wake what time of the night they would, Morgan was seen sitting upright in his hammock, with his eyes glaring wide open. When his turn came to take his watch upon deck, his conduct was equally strange. He would stand stock still in one place, gazing at the stars, or the ocean, apparently unconscious of his situation, and when roused by his companions, fall flat on the deck in a swoon. When he revived, he would fall to preaching the most strange and incomprehensible rhapsodies that ever were heard. In their idle hours upon the fore-castle, Morgan would tell such stories about himself, and his strange escapes by sea and land, as caused the sailors' hair to stand on end, and made the jolly fellows look upon him as a person gifted with the privilege of living for ever. He often indeed hinted that he had as many lives as a cat, and more than once offered to let himself be hanged for the gratification of his messmates. On more than one occasion he was found lying on his back in his hammock, apparently without life, his eyes fixed and glowing, his limbs stiff and rigid, his lower jaw sunk down, and his pulse motionless, at least so his messmates swore when they went to call the doctor: though when the latter came he always found Morgan as well as ever he was in his life, and apparently unconscious of all that had happened.

As they proceeded on the voyage, which proved for the most part a succession of calms, the sailors having little else to do, either imagined or invented new wonders about Morgan. At one time a little Welsh fore-topman swore, that as he was going to sit down to dinner his canteen was snatched from under him by an invisible hand, and he fell plump upon the deck. A second had his allowance of grog 'abducted' in a mysterious manner, although he was ready to make oath he never had his eyes off it for a moment. A third had his tobacco-box rifled, though it had never been out of his pocket. A fourth had a crooked sixpence, with a hole by which it was suspended from his neck by a ribbon, taken away without his ever being the wiser for it.

These things at length reached the ears of Captain R. who, the next time Morgan got into one of his trances, had him confined for four and twenty hours; and otherwise punished him in various ways on the recurrence of any of these wonderful reports. All this produced no effect whatever, either on Morgan or the crew, which at length had its wonder stretched to the utmost bounds, by a singular adventure of our hero.

One day, the squadron being about half way across the Atlantic, and the frigate several leagues ahead, with a fine breeze, there was an alarm of the magazine being on fire. Morgan was just coming on deck, with a spoon in his hand, for some purpose or other, when hearing the cry of 'magazine on fire,' he made one spring overboard. The fire was extinguished by the daring gallantry of an officer, now living, and standing in the first rank of our naval heroes. In the confusion and alarm, it was impossible to make any effort to save Morgan; and it was considered a matter of course that he had perished in the ocean. Two days after, one of the other vessels of the squadron came alongside the frigate, and sent a boat on board with Billy Morgan. Twelve hours after his leap overboard, he had been found swimming away gallantly,

with the spoon in his hand. When asked why he did not let it go, he replied that he kept it to help himself to salt water when he was dry. This adventure fixed in the minds of the sailors an obstinate opinion that Morgan was either a dead man come to life again, or one that was not very easy to be killed.

After this, Morgan continued his mysterious pranks, the sailors talked and wondered, and Captain R. punished him, until the squadron were within two or three days sail of Gibraltar, admitting the wind continued fair as it then was. Morgan had been punished pretty severely that morning for star-gazing and falling into a swoon on his watch the night before, and had solemnly assured his messmates that he intended to jump overboard and drown himself the first opportunity. He made his will, dressed himself in his best, and settled all his affairs. He also replenished his tobacco-box, put his allowance of biscuit in his pocket, and filled a small canteen with water, which he strung about his neck, saying, that perhaps he might take it into his head to live a day or two in the water before he finally went to the bottom.

Between twelve and one, the vessel being becalmed, the night clear star-light, the sentinels pacing their rounds, Morgan was distinctly seen to come up through the hatchway, walk forward, climb the bulwark, and let himself drop into the sea. A midshipman and two seamen testified to the facts; and Morgan being missing the next morning, there was no doubt of his having committed suicide by drowning himself. This affair occasioned much talk, and various were the opinions of the ship's crew on the subject. Some swore it was one Davy Jones who had been playing his pranks—others that it was no man, but a ghost or a devil that had got amongst them—and others were in daily expectation of seeing him come on board again, as much alive as ever he was.

In the moon time, the squadron proceeded but slowly, being detained several days by calms and head winds, most of which were in some way or other laid to Billy Morgan by the gallant tars, who fear nothing but Fridays, and men without heads. His fate gradually, however, ceased to be a subject of discussion, and the wonder was quickly passing away, when one night about a week after his jumping overboard, the figure of Morgan, all pale and ghastly, his clothes hanging wet about him—with eyes more sunken, hair more upright, and face more thin and cadaverous than ever, was seen by one of his messmates, who happened to be lying awake, to emerge slowly from the fore part of the ship, approach one of the tables, where there was a can of water, from which he took a hearty draught, and disappeared in the direction whence it came. The sailor told the story next morning, but as yet very few believed him.

The next night the same figure appeared, and was seen by a different person from him by whom it was first observed. It came from the same quarter again, helped itself to a drink, and disappeared in the same direction it had done before. The story of Morgan's ghost, in the course of a day or two, came to the ears of Captain R. who caused a search to be made in that part of the vessel whence the ghost had come, under the impression that the jumping overboard of Morgan had been a deception, and that he was now secreted on board the ship.—The search ended, however, without any discovery. The calms and head winds still continued, and not one sailor on board but ascribed it to Billy Morgan's influence. The ghost made its appearance the following night after the search, when it was seen, by another of Morgan's messmates, to

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR.

THE GHOST.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, OF THIS CITY.

SOME time in the year 1800 or 1801, I am not certain which, a man of the name of William Morgan—I don't mean the person whose 'abduction' has made so much noise in the world—enlisted on board the United States frigate —, for a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean. He was an awful looking person, six feet four inches high, a long pale visage deeply furrowed with wrinkles; sunken eyes far up in his forehead; black exuberant hair standing on an end as if he were always frightened at something; sharp chin of a length proportioned to his height; teeth white but very irregular; and the colour of his eyes what the writers of supernatural affairs call very singular and mysterious. Besides this, his voice was hollow and sepulchral; on his right arm were certain mysterious devices surmounted by the letters E. M.; and his tobacco box was of iron. His every day dress was a canvass hat with a black ribbon band, a blue jacket, white trousers, and leather shoes. On Sundays he wore a white beaver, which among sailors bespoke something extraordinary, and on rainy days a pea-jacket too short by half a yard. It is worthy of remark, that Morgan entered on Friday; that the frigate was launched on Friday; that the master-carpenter who built her was born on Friday; and that the squadron went to sea on Friday. All these singular coincidences, combined with his mysterious appearance, caused the sailors to look upon Morgan with no little degree of wonder.

empty his tobacco-box, &c. &c. some of the fragments of supper which had been accidentally left on the table with which it again vanished in the manner before described. The sailor swore that when the ghost made free with his tobacco-box he attempted to lay hold of him, but felt nothing in his hand but something exactly like cold water.

Captain R. was excessively provoked at these stories, and caused another and still more thorough search to be made, but without any discovery. He then directed a young midshipman to keep watch between decks. That night the ghost again made its appearance, and the courageous young officer sallied out upon it—but the figure darted away with inconceivable velocity, and disappeared. The midshipman, as directed, immediately informed Captain R. who instituted an immediate search, but with as little success as before. By this time there was not a sailor on board that was not afraid of his own shadow, and even the officers began to be infected with a superstitious dread. At length the squadron arrived at Gibraltar, and came to in the bay of Algeiras, where the ships remained some days waiting the arrival of those they came to relieve. About the usual hour that night, the ghost of Billy Morgan again appeared to one of his messmates, offered him its hand, and saying, "Good by, Tom," disappeared as usual.

It was a fortnight or more before the relief squadron sailed up the Mediterranean, during which time the crews of the ships were permitted to take their time to go on shore. On one of these occasions, a messmate of Billy Morgan, named Tom Brown, was passing through a tolerable dark lane, in the suburbs of Algeiras, when he heard a well known voice call out, "Tom, Tom, Tom, you lubber, don't you know your old messmate?" Tom knew the voice, and looking round, recognised his old messmate, Morgan's ghost; but he had no inclination to renew the acquaintance, he took to his heels, and without looking behind to see if the ghost followed, ran to the boat, where his companions were waiting, and told the story as soon as he could find breath for the purpose. This reached the ear of Captain R. who, being almost sure of the existence of Morgan, applied to the governor of the town, who caused search to be made every where without effect. No one had ever seen such a person. That very night the ghost made its appearance on board the frigate, and passed its cold wet hand over the face of Tom Brown, to whom Morgan had left his watch and chest of clothes. The poor fellow bawled out lustily; but before any pursuit could be made, the ghost disappeared in the forward part of the ship, as usual. After this, Billy again appeared two or three times alternately to some one of his old messmates; sometimes in the town, at others on board the frigate, but always in the dead of the night. He seemed desirous of saying something particular, but could never succeed to get any of the sailors to listen quietly to the communication. The last time he made his appearance at Algeiras, on board the frigate, he was heard by one of the sailors to utter in a low hollow whisper, "You shall see me at Malta," after which he vanished as before.

Captain R. was excessively perplexed at these strange and unaccountable visitations, and instituted every possible inquiry into the circumstances, in the hope of finding some clue to explain the mystery. He again caused the ship to be examined, with a view to the discovery either of the place where Morgan sequestered himself, or the means by which he escaped from the vessel. He questioned every man on board, and threatened the severest punishment, should he ever discover that they deceived him in their story, or were accomplices in the escape of Morgan. He even removed every thing in the forward part of the ship, and rendered it impossible for any human being to be there without being detected. The whole resulted in leaving the affair involved in complete mystery and

the squadron proceeded on to the Mediterranean, to cruise along the African coast, and rendezvous at Malta.

It was some weeks before the frigate came to the latter place, and in the mean time, as nothing had been seen of the ghost, it was concluded that the shade of Billy Morgan was appeased, or rather, the whole affair had been gradually forgotten. Two nights after her arrival, a party of sailors, being ashore at La Vallette, accidentally entered a small tavern in a remote part of the suburbs, where they commenced a frolic, after the manner of these amphibious bipeds. Among them was the heir of Billy Morgan, who about three or four in the morning went to bed, not quite as clear headed as he might have been. He could not tell how long he had been asleep, when he was awakened by a voice whispering in his ear, "Tom, Tom, wake up!" On opening his eyes, he beheld, by the pale light of the morning, the ghastly figure of Billy Morgan leaning over his bed and glaring at him with eyes like saucers. Tom cried, "murder! ghost! Billy Morgan!" as loud as he could bawl, until he roused the landlord, who came to know what was the matter. Tom related the whole affair, and inquired if he had seen any thing of the figure he had described. Mine host utterly denied having seen or ever heard of such a figure as Billy Morgan, and so did all his family. The report was again alive on board the frigate that Billy Morgan's ghost had taken the field once more. "Heaven and earth!" cried captain R., "is Billy Morgan's ghost come again? Shall I never get rid of this infernal spectre, or whatever else it may be?"

Captain R. immediately ordered his barge, waited on the governor, explained the situation of his crew, and begged his assistance in apprehending the ghost of Billy Morgan, or Billy himself, as the case might be. That night the governor caused the strictest search to be made in every hole and corner of the little town of La Vallette; but in vain. No one had seen that remarkable being, corporeal or spiritual; and the landlord of the house where the spectre appeared, together with all his family, utterly denied any knowledge of such a person or thing. It is little to be wondered at, that the search proved ineffectual, for that very night Billy took a fancy to appear on board the frigate, where he again accosted his old friend Tom, to whom he bequeathed all his goods and chattels. But Tom had no mind for a confidential communication with the ghost, and roared out so lustily, as usual, that it glided away and disappeared as before, without being intercepted in the confusion which followed.

Captain R. was in despair; never was man so persecuted by a ghost in this world before. The ship's crew were in a state of terror and dismay, inasmuch that had an Algerine come across them, they might peradventure have surrendered at discretion. They signed a round robin, drawn up by one of Billy Morgan's old messmates, representing to Captain R. the propriety of running the ship ashore, and abandoning her entirely to the ghost, which now appeared almost every night, sometimes between decks, at others, on the end of the bowsprit, and at others cutting capers on the yards and top-gallant mast. The story spread into the town of La Vallette, and nothing was talked of but the ghost of Billy Morgan, which now began to appear occasionally to the sentinels of the fort, one of whom had the courage to fire at it, by which he alarmed the whole island, and made matters ten times worse than before.

From Malta the squadron, after making a cruise of a few weeks, proceeded to Syracuse, with the intention of remaining some time. They were obliged to perform a long quarantine; the ships were strictly examined by the health officers, and fumigated with brimstone, to the great satisfaction of the crew of the frigate, who were in hopes that this would drive away Billy Morgan's ghost. These hopes were strengthened by their seeing no more of that troublesome visitor

during the whole time that quarantine continued. The very next night after the expiration of the quarantine, Billy again visited his old messmate and heir, Tom Brown, lank, lean, and dripping wet as usual, and after giving him a rousing shake, whispered, "Hush, Tom, I want to speak to you about my watch and chest of clothes." But Tom had no inclination to converse with his old friend, and cried out "murder" with all his might; when the ghost vanished as before, muttering, as Tom swore, "You cowardly scoundrel!"

The re-appearance of the ghost occasioned greater consternation than ever among the crew of the good ship, and it required all the influence of severe punishments to keep them from deserting on every occasion. Poor Tom Brown, to whom the devoirs of the spectre seemed most especially directed, left off swearing and chewing tobacco, and dwindled to a perfect shadow. He became very serious, and spent almost all his leisure time in reading chapters in the bible, or singing psalms. Captain R. now ordered a constant watch all night between decks, in hopes of detecting the intruder; but all in vain, although there was hardly a night passed without Tom waking and crying out that the ghost had just paid him a visit. It was however, thought very singular, and to afford additional proof of its being a ghost, that on all these occasions, except two, it was invisible to every body but Tom Brown.

In addition to the vexation arising from this persevering and diabolical persecution of Billy's ghost, various other strange and unaccountable things happened almost every day on board the frigate. Tobacco boxes were emptied in the most mysterious manner and in the dead of the night; sailors would sometimes be missing a whole day, and return again without being able to give any account of themselves; and not a few of them were overtaken with liquor, without their ever being the wiser for it, for they swore they had not drunk a drop beyond their allowance. Sometimes on going ashore on leave for a limited time, the sailors would be decoyed, as they solemnly assured the captain, by some unaccountable influence into strange out of the way places, where they could not find their road back, and where they were found by their officers in a state of mysterious stupefaction, though not one had tasted a drop of liquor. On these occasions they always saw the ghost of Billy Morgan, either flying through the air, or dancing on the tops of the steeples, with a fiery tale like a comet. Wonder grew upon wonder every day, until the wonder transcended the bounds of human credulity.

At length, Tom Brown, the night after receiving a visit from Billy Morgan's ghost, disappeared and was never heard of afterwards. As the chest of clothes, inherited from his deceased messmate, was found entirely empty, it might have been surmised that Tom had deserted, had not a sailor, who was on the watch, solemnly declared that he saw the ghost of Billy Morgan jump overboard with him in a flame of fire, and that they hissed like a red hot plough-share in the water. After this bold feat, the spectre appeared no more. The squadron remained sometime at Syracuse, and various adventures befell the officers and crew, which those remaining alive tell of to this day. How Macdonough, then a madcap midshipman, "licked" the high constable of the town; how Burroughs quizzed the governor; what rows they kicked up at masquerades; what a dust they raised among the antiquities; and what wonders they whispered in the ears of Dionysius. From thence, they again sailed on a cruise, and after teaching the bey of Tripoli a new way of paying tribute, and laying the foundation of that structure of imperishable glory which shall one day reach the highest heaven, returned home, after an absence of between two and three years. The crew of the frigate were paid off and discharged, and it is on record, as a wonder, that their three years' pay lasted some of them nearly three days. But though

we believe in the ghost of Billy Morgan, we can scarcely credit this incredible wonder. Certain it is, that not a man of them ever doubted for a moment the reality of the spectre, or would have hesitated to make oath to have seen it more than once. Even Captain R. spoke of it on his return, as one of those strange, inscrutable things, which baffle the efforts of human ingenuity, and seem to justify the most extraordinary relations of past and present times. His understanding revolted at the absurdity of a great part of the wonders ascribed to Billy Morgan's ghost; but some of the facts were so well attested, that a painful doubt would often pass over his mind, and dispose it to the reception of superstitious impressions.

He remained in this state of mixed scepticism and credulity, when, some years after his return from the Mediterranean, being on a journey to the westward, he had occasion to halt at a log house, on the borders of Tennessee, for refreshment. A man came forth to receive him, whom he at once recognised as his old acquaintance, Billy Morgan. "Heavens!" thought Captain R., "here's Monsieur Tonson come again!" Billy, who had also found out who his guest was, when too late to retreat, looked rather sheepish, and invited him in with little of the frank hospitality characteristic of a genuine backwoodsman. Captain R. followed him into the house, where he found a comely good-natured dame, and two or three yellow haired boys and girls, all in a flutter at the stranger. The house had an air of comfort, and the mistress, by her stirring activity, accompanied with smiling looks withal, seemed pleased at the rare incident of a stranger entering their door.

Billy Morgan was at first rather shy and awkward. But finding Captain R. treating him with good humoured frankness, he, in the course of the evening, when the children were gone to bed, and the wife busy in milking the cows, took occasion to accost his old commander.

"Captain, I hope you don't mean to shoot me for a deserter?"

"By no means," said the captain, smiling, "there would be no use in shooting a ghost, or a man with as many lives as a cat."

Billy Morgan smiled rather a melancholy smile. "Ah! captain, you have not forgot the ghost, I see. But it is a long time to remember an old score, and I hope you'll forgive me."

"On one condition I will," replied Captain R., "that you will tell me honestly how you managed to make all my sailors believe that they saw you, night after night, on board the ship as well as on shore."

"They did see me," replied Billy, in his usual sepulchral voice.

The captain began to be in some doubt whether he was talking to Billy Morgan or his ghost.

"You don't pretend to say you were really on board my vessel all the time?"

"No, not all the time—only at such times as the sailors saw me—except previous to our arrival at Gibraltar."

"Then their seeing you jump overboard was all a deception?"

"By no means, sir, I did jump overboard, but then I climbed back again directly after."

"The deuce you did—explain."

"I will, sir, as well as I am able. I was many years among the Sandwich islanders, where the vessel in which I was a cabin boy was wrecked, a long time ago—and I can pass whole hours, I believe days, in the water, without being fatigued except for want of sleep. I have also got some of their habits, such as a great dislike to hard work, and a liking for going where I will, and doing just what I please. The discipline of a man of war did not suit me at all, and I grew tired after a few days. To pass the time, and to make fun for myself with the sailors, I told them stories of my adventures, and pretended that I could live in the water,

and had as many lives as a cat. Besides this, as you know, I played them many other pranks, partly for amusement, and partly from a kind of pride I felt in making them believe I was half a wizzard. The punishment you gave me, though I own I deserved it, put me out of all patience, and I made up my mind to desert the very first opportunity. I had an old shipmate with me whom I could trust, and we planned the whole thing together. I know if I deserted at Gibraltar, or any of the ports of the Mediterranean, I should almost certainly be caught and shot as an example; and for this reason it was settled that I should jump overboard, return again, and hide myself in a coil of cable which was stowed away between decks, close to the bows, where it was dark even in the day time. My messmate procured a piece of old canvass with which I might cover myself if necessary. To make my jumping overboard have a greater effect on the crew, and to provide against accidents until the ship arrived at Gibraltar, I took care to fill my tobacco-box with tobacco, my pocket with biscuit, and to sling a canteen of water round my neck, as I told them perhaps I might take it into my head not to go to the bottom for two or three days. I got Tom Brown to make my will, intending to leave my watch and chest to my messmate, who was to return them to me at Gibraltar, the first chance he could get. But Tom played us a trick, and put his own name in place of my friend's. Neither he nor I were any great scholars, and the trick was not found out till afterwards, when my friend was afraid of discovery if he made any rout about the matter."

"Who was your friend?" asked Captain R.

"He is still alive and in the service. I had rather not mention his name."

"Very well," replied Captain R. "go on."

"That night I jumped overboard."

"How did you get back into the ship?" asked the captain hastily.

"Why, sir, the forward port-hole, on the starboard side, was left open, with a bit of rope fastened to the gun, and hanging down so that I could catch it."

The captain struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, and said to himself,

"What a set of blockheads we were!"

"Not so great as might be expected," said honest Billy Morgan, intending to compliment the captain: but it sounded directly the contrary.

ghost, appeared to be a dim white, or something like moonlight. The outlines of his form remained stationary, while the interior or main body (which appeared to be composed of separate particles) was all in motion, something like smoke in a phial. From the waist upwards, that enormous member, which appeared to be the head and shoulders of the ghost, kept a continual nodding toward me, like a person making bows to another, in quick succession. It remained in this form about three or four minutes, and I remained staring at it; and not a syllable of conversation passed between us, during the whole time, and I rather think upon the whole, that I frightened the ghost, more than the ghost frightened me, for I believe there never was a person looked more like Lot's wife than I did at that time. I am naturally pretty strong-nerved; and before I met this ghost, used to laugh with the rest of the world, at the superstition of some people, in believing such baby-talk; however, to the story. I at last awoke from this stupor, and summoning all my courage and fortitude, resolved that I would inquire into, and find out the ghost's business, or perish in the attempt. Accordingly I walked boldly up, (half-way) and prepared to speak to it; when the ghost, as if in order to terrify me, in an instant vanished, and appeared immediately in another form, which was not at all similar to the preceding one, with the exception of the motion which I have described. And now to the great exploit which I achieved in speaking to a ghost! Says I, hallo there, who are you? what do you want? where did you come from? why don't you speak? Reader, you may anticipate my feelings while waiting for an answer; but—instead of an audible answer, the ghost continued to quiver and shake for a little while, and then, moved back a little, and gave a sudden dart towards me, as quick and as noiseless as the winking of an eye, and vanished beneath my feet. His exit was something like dropping a sheet upon the ground, which spreads out as it reaches the earth. And now, reader, was not this a ghost?—What else could it be but a ghost?—But you reply, you have not proved to us that it was a ghost; you have not given us the cause of it, &c. We are still in doubt. Well then, I will give you proof;—when the ghost passed through me, I felt nothing, consequently he was air; are not ghosts always made of air? When the ghost had a mind that I should not see him, he became invisible; have not ghosts the power of becoming invisible?—The colour of this ghost was white—are not all ghosts white? When the ghost vanished, he vanished upon the ground—do not all ghosts vanish through the ground? Lastly, this ghost did not speak first, nor did he vanish until he was spoken to;—When was there ever known a ghost, who spoke first, or who vanished before he was spoken to?—Now for the cause, —When the ghost passed through me, I perceived it was composed of the rays of light which were emitted from a candle in a neighboring chamber, and which shone upon a large bush in our yard, behind which, was a stove funnel, which proceeded from my neighbor's cellar-kitchen, and which formed the enormous leg, that I took to be the ghost's head and shoulders; and a small twig of the bush, which ran up higher than the funnel, formed the plume; passing before the light in the chamber, caused the ghost to vanish, and removing the light from place to place, of course would change the form; a slight breeze which affected the bush, and the leaves of it, kept the ghost in motion; and removing the light from the room destroyed the ghost entirely. To conclude.—Are not all ghosts made in this manner?—

H. T. B.

GHOSTS.

A very honest narrative, and most undoubtedly true. N.
“Mr. Neal—Do you believe in ghosts? if you do, you are on our side;—But if you don't believe in ghosts, I hope the following anecdote will compel you to join our side.

Was it, or was it not a dream?
And yet, to dream with eyes wide open thus,
Seems strange indeed,—yet more, to *dream*,
That we have *dreamt* a dream with open eyes.

It was about 11 o'clock, one very dark and rainy evening, when, as I was returning home, by the way of a little by-path, which led from the street through a garden, to the back part of a house, I saw something move. I stopped; it was gone, but where it went, I could not discover. While I was endeavoring to account for this strange visiter, it suddenly appeared again, but in a far more terrific form than at first; it appeared to be about 8 feet high, having no head; from the waist, (which was about three feet broad) upwards, there was a long straight member, very similar in size and appearance to a man's leg, with the shoe on; this seemed to be let into the middle of the waist, leaving the waist like a shelf around the base of this member, of about a foot and a half in width; at the top of this member, or from the shoe upwards, was a long slender thing, similar to the plumes which soldiers wear in their caps; below the waist I could distinguish no particular form; it seemed to be a confused mass of something, all in motion; the colour of this animal, which I shall call

GHOST MUSIC.

Sir John Barrington, in his Memoirs, vouches, in his own person, for the following remarkable story:—Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having had a single day's indisposition. He bore, in his green old age, the appearance of robust health. During the vice-royalty of Earl Hardwick, Lady Barrington, at a drawing-room at Dublin Castle, met Lord Rossmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties for Mount Kennedy, to commence the next day, and had sent down orders for every preparation to be made. The Lord Lieutenant was to be of the company. "My little farmer," said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, "when you go home, tell Sir Jonah that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to morrow. I will have no *ifs* in the matter—so tell him that come he *must*!" She promised positively, and on her return informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve; and towards two in the morning I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature. I listened: it occurred first at short intervals; it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice, and milder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly. The sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air; when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone: it seemed *descending*. I felt every nerve tremble: it was not a natural sound, nor could I make out the point from whence it came. At length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard as well as myself. She suggested that it might be an *Æolian harp*; but to that instrument it bore no similitude: it was altogether a *different character of sound*. My wife at first appeared less affected than I; but subsequently she was more so. We now went to a large window in our bedroom, which looked directly upon a small garden underneath; the sound seemed then obviously to *ascend* from a grass-plot immediately below our window. I continued; Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sounds lasted for more than half an hour. At last, a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp but low cry and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, of "Rossmore—Rossmore—Rossmore?" I will not attempt to describe my own feelings; indeed I cannot. The maid fled in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on Lady Barrington to return to her bed: in about a minute after, the sound died gradually away, until all was silent. Lady Barrington, who is not so superstitious as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should be thereby rendered laughing stocks. At length, wearied with speculations, we fell into a sound slumber. About seven the ensuing morning, a strong rap at my chamber door awakened me. This recollection of the past night's adventure rushed instantly upon my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken suddenly on any subject. It was light; I went to the door, when my faithful servant, Lawler, exclaimed, on the other side, "O Lord, sir!" "What is the matter?" said I hurriedly. "O, sir!" ejaculated he, "Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door, in great haste, and told me in passing that my lord, after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health; but that about half-after two this morning, his own man hearing a noise in his master's bed (he slept in the same room,) went to him, and found him in the agonies of death; and before he could alarm the servants, all was over!" I conjecture nothing; I only relate the incident as unequivocally matter of fact; Lord Rossmore was absolutely dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced. Let sceptics draw their own conclusion: perhaps natural causes may be assigned, but I am totally unequal to the task.

to sin in this world, and are instruments to torment them in another, appear extremely vexed at those who disbelieve and deny the identity of these devils which hold such a conspicuous station in their religious faith. The most severe accusations have been levelled at the universalists for not giving full credence to all the airy speculations concerning devils. A multitude of instances remain in our memories where great vexation and sharp reproofs have been produced for a denial of the identity of these beings. These same murmurings have also frequently appeared in print; and it is by no means strange, that a denial of these mysterious and spiritual demagogues, should create such uneasiness, when they constitute a very important part of that machinery, by which the orthodox originate and mature many of their grand schemes, by exciting the fear of the people. You take away these beings and you leave an irreparable deficiency in their whole system. The complaint against universalists for renouncing these devils, we have tho't might be illustrated by a circumstance recorded in the 18th chap. of Judges. Micah following after the children of Dan who had taken away his idols from his house of gods, being inquired of, "What aileth thee," replied, "Ye have taken away my gods which I made, and the priest, and ye have gone away; and what have I more." By reversing this text a little, you will see how near it compares with the complaint in question, "You have taken away my devils which I made, by which the priests terrified the people, and what have I more." Among the catholics, when it is thought necessary to excite the terror and operate on the fear and passions of the vulgar, these devils are exercised to great advantage and with wonderful success. Many of the protestants also are not deficient in these practices. But these things are growing less and less efficient. The stories of witches which have shook the nerves of thousands with terror, have now become fables. And as the sun of reason rises upon the people, these devils recede like ghosts which only walk in the night. The apostles never enforced a belief in devils. They exhorted to "believe the gospel,"—"believe on the Lord Jesus." The eu-

DEVILS.

The limitarians who thrive under the doctrine which teaches that there are invisible yet identical devils that tempt men

Nuch was qualified to be baptized when he could say, "I believe Jesus Christ is the son of God."

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
EMILY'S GHOST.

The scorching rays of the sun of a long summer's day in June, had been resting on my head, bringing forth perspiration in no small degree; fatigue which I began to experience, was also manifested in the appearance, as well as the slow and measured pace of my horse, who since the rising sun had travelled some thirty miles—it was an hour before sunset, and a dark cloud was seen rising from the western horizon, meeting in its course, the regular approach of the sun, until it gradually hid it from view, and caused a sudden shade on the earth; I had let fall the reins on the horse's neck, and my attention was fixed on the cloud as it arose in its grandeur, when the darkness occasioned by the sun's eclipse, awaked me to my situation, and I looked around for a home to shelter me from the threatening storm. Through the trees some distance on the side of the road, I beheld smoke curling from a chimney, and quickened my pace in that direction, and as I approached the gate, it was flung open by a lad who had observed me in the path to the house. My appearance attracted the attention of the inmates of the dwelling, who stood gazing from the door, and when I had approached within a few steps from the house, an elderly man advanced to meet me; to the enquiry, whether I could be accommodated for the night, a pleasant reply in the affirmative was made—I dismounted, and my horse was led to the stable.

The cloud had spread far and wide, and the thunder's loud voice had approached near; the cattle moved towards the shed, and the birds appeared restless in their flight; the horses in the field snorted and plunged with rapid speed as the lightning flashed in their faces. "Its going to be no small storm," said the farmer, and a sudden streak of livid fire burst upon our view, accompanied by an instantaneous peal of most terrific thunder; the dog moved towards the dwelling and curled himself in the chimney, and the old man shrugged up his shoulders. "Had not you better come in," said a venerable looking old lady who sat with her hands folded, and her countenance expressing all the symptoms of excessive fear. The storm raged with unabated fury, and as its terrific grandeur progressed, a solemn and impressive silence was observed, interrupted only by the sudden and involuntary "oh me!" of the old lady, as the vivid flash apparently lodged in the room, and the awful crash which followed, seemed to shake the centre of the dwelling.

A sudden scream, proceeding from the adjoining apartment, accompanied the last tremendous explosion, and we hastened to the spot, and beheld a little girl, her hands were clasped together and her eyes intensely fixed, gazing through the opened window, as she exclaimed, "See it is, hark, oh it is her sweet, sweet voice, and the harp, and her snowy white hands; see, she dances, her hair is loose on her neck, she's gone behind the big walnut." The unconnected remarks, and wild and singular appearance of the girl, attracted my attention to the spot, on which she seemed to gaze, but I beheld nought but the dark shade of trees, the lightning's glare momentarily exposing to view their huge and majestic trunks, and far spreading limbs, which formed the thick and massy woods. The little girl had now hid her face beneath the apron of the old lady, and a solemn silence was again observed, and the mysterious looks of those around me, seemed to add to the awfulness of the moment, and forbade me to utter a word by way of asking an explanation of the singular scene I had just witnessed.

As the clouds began to break, and the light of day appeared, the dark and gloomy appearance, the light-

ning's glare became less frequent and faint, the thunder rolled at a distance, losing much of its terrific sound; the last rays of the sun, which was about to set, cast their light through the clouds, as they disappeared from the western horizon, forming in the east, the variegated arch of the rainbow, and opening a new aspect to the surrounding scene; the fearful looks of the cottagers disappeared with the storm, and the old woman addressing herself to me, said she "was dreadfully frightened;" and the old man encouraged by the voice of his companion, said "that in all his days, he had never witnessed a storm so dreadful;" but as no mention was made of the conduct of the little girl, I enquired the cause of it—"Ah," said the old lady, "it was Emily's Ghost, poor creature, she is frequently seen when it thunders and storms, dancing in the woods; ah, she was a lovely creature; so good, and could you only have seen her when she used to skip about the woods, singing under the big walnut—but poor soul she's gone to another world," and as the old woman wiped with her apron, a tear from her wrinkled cheek, she said, "I will tell you all about it, sir, if you are not too tired." Having given my consent to her proposal, she continued, "Mr. Gartley, who owns all this place, and it is a very large tract of land, it runs a great way back; well, he used to live, in the summer, in the great house on the hill, but you cannot see the house from here for the trees; he had two sons who both went far away from home when they were very young. Emily was the only daughter of Mr. Gartley, she was not more than 16 years old, and every body will tell you she was so handsome, but she was not proud, for often she came to our little home, and would talk as friendly as if she was like one of us; well, she had a great many beaux, and sometimes when a great number of young persons were here, they would dance in the Piazza and walk and ramble in the woods, and they seemed so happy that it did one's heart good to see them, and then Mr. Gartley used to be so fond of seeing them dance, and amuse themselves. Well, there was a young man who did not often dance with Emily, but he used to come out here alone, and Emily and him would walk through the woods and fields together, and seemed so earnest in talking, that I thought there was some love work going on, and when I plagued her about him, her face would redder all over like her rosy cheeks, and she would run off laughing; well, things went on so for a long time, and it was given out that Emily and Charles Worthington (for that was his name,) was soon to be married, and great preparations were making for the wedding day; the wedding dress and all was prepared, when one morning, Mr. Worthington's servant-man came riding out, with a letter to Miss Emily; ah me, I cannot tell you of the change that took place; well, Emily opened the letter, and before she read it, she screamed out and fell on the floor as if she was dead, and it was a long time before she opened her eyes, and although the Doctor done all he could to make her recover, yet when she came too, she did nothing but scream and cry for Charles, and poor creature she never was herself again. It was not long before her rosy cheeks were as white as lilies, and her beautiful blue eyes would stare as if they looked at you, yet could not see any thing, for you might pass by the place they looked at without being noticed; she would tear her long curling hair, and when you would meet her, she talked so strange, and would start and jump at every sound, that oh it was a cruel sight, I don't wonder her poor father got so low spirited and altered in his ways; but I forgot to tell you what was in the letter; it was from Charles, saying he was going to fight a duel, and this letter would be sent to her if he was wounded, and he was killed on the spot; well, it was just as Mr. Gartley was about to move to town, and the leaves began to fall, that Emily was one morning found, poor creature, she was found hanging to the big walnut tree—it was for love, oh yes, it was for love, that made her do it; oh my sir, the place has never been like it used to be ever since; Mr. Gartley does not now live out here, and the great house is rotting and decaying, and the big walnut tree is haunted with the Ghost of Emily."

I had listened to the earnest tale of the old lady, in her own simple language, with the numerous "wells" until I had almost forgotten I was fatigued; having taken some refreshments, I retired to bed, determined, should I be permitted to arise in the morning, to visit the former dwelling of Emily.

Before the sun had spread its beams on the works of nature, I had arisen, and having visited my horse, directed my steps toward the great house on the hill. As I left the valley in which stood the humble dwelling of the farmer, and ascended, the house arose gradually to my view, and a melancholy feeling of regret crossed my mind as my eyes rested on the wasting remains of a once splendid edifice. The boards which were torn from the floor of the Piazza, told that the dancer, of which the old lady had spoken, had long ceased, and the door which led to it, bore evident marks that it had not recently moved on its hinges; the wild jessamine, and the woodbine, entwined around its portals, and reared their heads about the windows, the shutters of several of which had dropped from their fastenings, and through the casement of one of these I entered the parlour; the echo of my steps impressed strikingly the solitude of the place. I had never before beheld the spot, and my feet for the first time trod the floor, yet, I could look back, and reflect on the changes that a few years must have produced with the former inmates of the dwelling, and on the house itself. Emily's ghost danced before me, not as the phantom spirit of another world, but as the gay and lively creature described in the simple tale of the old woman; I could fancy the swelling tone of the piano, the silvery voice, of her whose graceful touch produced the effect, or, the wild and giddy laugh re-echoing through the hall; the lively countenance, where care had no concern, expressive of a heart that knew no sorrow. Emily's ghost again crossed my mind as the object of a father's care, as a tender bud unfolding its beauties to surrounding friends; one whose charms had enkindled the flame of youthful love, whose bosom cherished its holy fire, whose blushing cheeks exposed the true feeling of the heart; my thoughts would follow her through the woods as she listened to, and fondly cherished all the hopes as portrayed by the extravagant pencil of a lover; and as I left the deserted mansion, where no longer was heard the sound of footsteps, or the voice of music, except that of the noisy cricket, and warbling birds, the big walnut tree stood before me, in all its majesty, its noble trunk and massy limbs waving heavily in the breeze, and Emily's Ghost, yea, the Ghost of Emily, was alive in my imagination; the wild, unsettled eye

caused an agony in my feelings; the pale and ghastly visage imparted a dread, and the unnatural shrieks that filled the air caused my whole frame to tremble it was the reverse of all that was beautiful and pleasant; it was the unearthly imaginary image of death, lank bones and horrid grimace; the bold triumphant voice, that beauty, the most interesting; love, the most tender, are but vapours when embraced by his ever powerful arm.
VIRGINIUS.

LIVING GHOST.

NANTUCKET, DEC. 27.—A circumstance rather out of the ordinary channel of events, took place upon the Island a few nights since, which, for the *heroism* of those concerned, as well as for the entertainment of our readers generally, it will be proper to relate.

Two of our citizens, noted for undaunted resolution and a liberal share of humor and wit, happening to meet each other a few evenings ago, at Sciasconcet, concerted a plan something like the following:—That at the flood of the tide, which was to be about midnight, they would repair to the shore where the brig Packet was wrecked; and perhaps be so fortunate as to find a bolt of duck, a bale of diaper, or something which might reward them for loss of sleep and rest. This well concerted scheme, very differently from what they had reason to suspect, was overheard by a third person, who immediately communicated it to a fourth; and of course the two latter gentlemen, (being up to a thing or two,) took their turn to carry on a little *scheming*. They agreed to go to the shore about half an hour in advance of the two duck and diaper speculators. Accordingly they went; and one by the name of Jo Stout, warmly clad, and wrapt snugly in a pea jacket, was stretched out on the beach, just above the washing of the surf; and the other, concealed partly by wild grass, and partly by a little eminence a few rods from the shore, waited the issue. They had not been in readiness many minutes, before the two knights of valor, with bludgeons in their hands, were seen approaching with firm strides, anxiously watching the waves roll in and recede, the whole scene being rendered sublime and solemn by the pale light of the moon. Thus plodding the coast, one had got ahead of his comrade, sung out—“halloo, shipmate!” “Halloo!” replied the other. “Don’t you see,” said the first, “something near the surf yonder?—that’s a bolt of duck.” With palpitating hearts they hastened forward; but as they approached the supposed *prize*, an indelible horror seized upon them, when the moon beams revealed the semblance of a fellow creature. But true courage is seldom overcome; especially when a prospect of *gain* stimulates to action. After a moment of silent consternation, our two heroes very naturally concluded that the object before them was one of the unfortunate men lost when the Packet was wrecked, and humanely determined to roll the body up the beach, that the rising tide should not wash it away, and then pursue their search after goods. They first touched the body with their long sticks, then summoned up that kind of resolution that is required to lay hands on a dead man, washed on shore at the dead of night, and commenced rolling him up on the sandy beach. Jo Stout was lying face down, with his legs, arms, and body, as stiff and motionless, as if they had been in the cold embrace of death for weeks.—The two duck hunters had not rolled the supposed corpse over more than three times, before Jo fetched a solemn, loud, sepulchral groan, which might have frightened even a hyena from a corpse;—whereupon our chevaliers started for Sciasconcet, with the velocity surpassing that of the zebra; and Jo, fearing the terror might prove fatal, vociferated with the voice of a Stentor—I’m Jo Stout! But with such astonishing swiftness had the affrighted couple fled, that even the voice of Jo did not reach Sciasconcet till some seconds after the trembling fugitives had arrived! Jo and his companion hastened back with

all convenient despatch, to crack a joke upon *two* who have cracked thousands upon others.—*Inquirer*.

water, as they sailed over the clear green sea, of a sunny afternoon. However this may be, it is well known that the Cantillons were, like most other Irish families, strongly attached to their ancient burial-place; and this attachment led to the custom, when any of the family died, of carrying the corpse to the sea-side, where the coffin was left on the shore within reach of the tide. In the morning it had disappeared; being, as was traditionally believed, conveyed away by the ancestors of the deceased to their family tomb.

Connor Crowe, a county Clare man, was related to the Cantillons by marriage. "Connor Mac in Cruagh, of the seven quarters of Breintragh," as he was commonly called; and a proud man he was of the name. Connor, he it known, would drink a quart of salt water, for its medicinal virtues, before breakfast; and for the same reason, I suppose, double that quantity of raw whiskey between breakfast and night; which last he did with as little inconvenience to himself as any man in the barony of Moyforta; and were I to add Clanderalaw and Ibrickan, I don't think I should say wrong.

On the death of Florence Cantillon, Connor Crowe was determined to satisfy himself about the truth of this story of the old church under the sea: so when he heard the news of the old fellow's death, away with him to Ardfert, where Flory was laid out in high style, and a beautiful corpse he made.

Flory had been as jolly and as frolicking a boy in his day as ever was stretched, and his wako was in every respect worthy of him. There was all kind of entertainment and all sort of diversion at it, and no less than three girls got husbands there—more luck to them. Every thing was as it should be: all that side of the country, from Dingle to Tarbert, was at the funeral. The Keen was sung long and bitterly; and according to the family custom, the coffin was carried to Ballyheigh strand, where it was laid upon the shore with a prayer for the repose of the dead.

The mourners departed, one group after another; and at last Connor Crowe was left alone: he then pulled out his whiskey bottle, his drop of comfort as he called it; which he required, being in grief: and down he sat upon a big stone that was sheltered by a projecting rock, and partly concealed from view, to await with patience the appearance of the ghostly undertakers.

The evening came on mild and beautiful; he whistled an old air which he had heard in his childhood, hoping to keep idle fears out of his head; but the wild strain of that melody brought a thousand recollections with it, which only made the twilight appear more pensive.—"It was near the gloomy tower of Dunmore, in my own sweet county, I was," said Connor Crowe, with a sigh, "one might well believe that the prisoners, who were murdered long ago, there in the vaults under the castle, would be the hands to carry off the coffin out of envy, for never a one of them was buried decently, nor had as much as a coffin amongst them all. 'Tis often, sure enough, I have heard lamentations and great mourning coming from the vaults of Dunmore Castle; but," continued he, after fondly pressing his lips to the mouth of his companion and silent comforter, the whiskey bottle, "didn't I know all the time well enough, 'twas the dismal sounding waves working through the cliffs and hollows of the rocks, and fretting themselves to foam. Oh, then, Dunmore Castle, it is you that are the gloomy looking tower on a gloomy day, with the gloomy hills behind you when one has gloomy thoughts on their heart and sees you like a ghost rising out of the smoke made by the kelp burners on the strand, there is, the Lord save us! as fearful a look about you as about the Blue Man's Lake at midnight. Well then, any how," said Connor, after a pause "is it not a blessed night, though surely the moor looks mighty pale in the face? St. Senan himself between us and all kinds of harm."

It was, in truth, a lovely moonlight night: nothing was to be seen around but the dark rocks and the white pebbly beach, upon which the sea broke with a hoarse and melancholy murmur. Connor, notwithstanding his frequent draughts, felt rather queerish, and almost began to repent his curiosity. It was certainly a solemn sight to behold the black coffin resting upon the white strand. His imagination gradually converted the deep moaning of old ocean into a mournful wail for the dead, and from the shadowy recesses of the rocks he imagined forth strange and visionary forms.

As the night advanced, Connor became weary with watching; he caught himself more than once in the fact of nodding, when suddenly giving his head a shake, he would look towards the black coffin. But the narrow house of death remained unmoved before him.

It was long past midnight, and the moon was sinking into the sea, when he heard the sound of many voices, which gradually became stronger above the heavy and monotonous roll of the sea: he listened, and presently could distinguish a Keen of exquisite sweetness; the notes of which rose and fell with the heaving of the waves, whose deep murmur mingled with and supported the strain!

The Keen grew louder and louder, and seemed to approach the beach, and then fell into a low plaintive wail. As it ended, Connor beheld a number of strange, and in the dim light, mysterious-looking figures, emerge from the sea, and surround the coffin, which they prepared to launch into the water.

"This comes of marrying with the creatures of earth," said one of the figures, in a clear, yet hollow tone.

"True," replied another, with a voice still more fearful, "our king would never have commanded his gnawing white-toothed waves to devour the rocky roots of the island cemetery, had not his daughter, Dursulla, been buried there by her mortal husband!"

"But the time will come," said a third, bending over the coffin,

"When mortal eye—our work shall spy,
And mortal ear—our dirge shall hear."

"Then," said a fourth, "our burial of the Cantillons is at an end for ever!"

As this was spoken, the coffin was born from the beach by a retiring wave, and the company of sea people prepared to follow it; but at the moment, one chanced to discover Connor Crowe, as fixed with wonder and as motionless with fear as the stone on which he sat.

"The time is come," cried the unearthly being, "the time is come; a human eye looks on the forms of ocean, a human ear has heard their voices: farewell to the Cantillons; the sons of the sea are no longer doomed to bury the dust of the earth!"

One after the other turned slowly round, and regarded Connor Crowe, who still remained as if bound by a spell. Again arose their funeral song; and on the next wave they followed the coffin. The sound of the lamentation died away, and at length nothing was heard but the rush of waters. The coffin and the train of sea people sank over the old church-yard, and never, since the funeral of old Flory Cantillon, have any of the family been carried to the strand of Ballyheigh, for conveyance to their rightful burial-place, beneath the waves of the Atlantic.

From Croker's Fairy Legends.

FLORY CANTILLON'S FUNERAL.

The ancient burial-place of the Cantillon family was on an island in Ballyheigh Bay. This island was situated at no great distance from the shore, and at a remote period was overflowed in one of the incroachments which the Atlantic has made on that part of the coast of Kerry. The fishermen declare they have often seen the ruined walls of an old chapel beneath them in the

MISHAPS OF JACK ALLBUT.

MY friend Jack Allbut was almost all that he ought to be, but not entirely so. He was almost tall enough, almost well proportioned, almost handsome; but in all those particulars he fell short of the proper standard. Better would it have been for Jack, had he been irremediable ugly or diminutive, or had he possessed that consistent mediocrity of appearance between which and every approach to beauty the line is strongly marked. But unluckily he had enough of the latter quality to stimulate, though not to satisfy his vanity; enough to excite the hope of admiration, but not to secure him against frequent disappointment.

His person had, as Brown would have said, its capabilities; and, whether for his own sins or those of his ancestors, he was cursed with a genius to take advantage of them. He devoted himself altogether to the study of dress. His talents, which might have raised him to respectability if rightly employed, were wholly directed to the improvement of his exterior, and early in life he arrived at the unenviable distinction of being a first rate coxcomb. Five hours out of every day were devoted to the adornment of his person, and the principal part of the rest to its exhibition.

The art of toilette, like every other, is not to be completely acquired at once. Time and practice are requisite for its perfection. Jack's first attempts in this way did not evince any extraordinary degree of skill or judgment, and his failures sometimes exposed him to very ludicrous distresses. He was as I have observed, rather under the middle size. In the effort to appear tall, he acquired in walking a habit of springing upon his toes, and stretching his neck upwards like a fowl in the act of swallowing water. This gave him a fantastic and ridiculous air. He

next adopted heels of a prodigious height, which combining with the tightness of his boots, made him hobble in his gait, and produced upon his feet corns, bunions, and callosities, in all their torturing varieties. The consequence was, that between boot-makers, chiropedists, infallible salves, and unrivalled solvents, he was reduced at the age of five-and-twenty to the predicament of a gouty cripple.

He either had, or fancied he had, at one time, a tendency to grow corpulent. His 'beau ideal,' with regard to the person, consisted in a slender shape, and accordingly his clothes were made so excessively tight, that they were perpetually bursting, and consequently were very soon worn out. All his movements were horribly impeded by this unnatural state of tension. He could not make a bow without the dislocation of a brace or the detachment of a button. He could not stoop to pick up a lady's fan without making a vent in the knees of his breeches. A hearty dinner was sure to work serious damage in his costume. In winter the tenuity of his covering refrigerated the system, and its tightness in summer acted as a perpetual diaphoretic. Syncope was produced by his stays, and strangulation by his cravat; a compression of the midriff resulted from the one, and a constant cephalalgia from the other. These, however, were not the most ridiculous of his afflictions. His hair was inclining to red, though not a disagreeable shade, but his eye-brows and eye-lashes were naturally of an intense white. This anomaly he determined to rectify. He had heard of crude antimony as a specific for the disease of white eye-brows and resolved to try it. The colour it produced formed an absurd contrast to his hair, and to his eye-lashes, which he did not venture to touch, and it was laid on with so bold

and discretion as to be palpable to every observer. The skin was coloured as well as the hair, and his countenance then assumed a mingled expression of ludicrous ferocity. Thus disguised, he went among his intimates, and was everywhere received with a horse-laugh.

He next tried the pencil, but with no better success. The skin was darkened, but the white hairs still glistened above it. After a variety of experiments, he found means to make a tolerable imitation of nature with some kind of brown paint. Still, however, the operation of painting was tedious: if it should not be performed with excessive care, the deception might be discovered, and the effect was always liable to a casual removal. When he had succeeded thus far, an advertisement chanced to meet his eye, setting forth the marvellous virtues of some infallible dye for the eye-brows and whiskers. It was to produce a colour natural, beautiful, and permanent. It bade defiance to the shrewdest scrutiny and to all the detergent powers of alkaline ablution. His ears pricked up at the intelligence, his heart beat with anticipated triumph; he lost not a moment in procuring the valuable liquid, for a bottle of which he only paid the moderate sum of thirty shillings. He was so confident of the success of his intended experiment, that he invited a large party of friends to dine with him at a coffee-house on the very day on which he intended to apply the liquid. He enjoined in prospect the admiration his appearance would excite. How would he dispel the lurking doubts of some, and confirm the wavering faith of others! He meant to pass his hand repeatedly across his brows, and complain of the excessive heat; to call for a napkin to wipe his forehead, and even to apply a wet cloth to it under the pretext of an incipi-

ent head-ache. How would he startle the infidel by the result of these experiments! what incredulity could be proof against the evidences of the senses?

But alas! those splendid day-dreams were destined to be rudely dissipated. He applied the liquid, and after the expiration of an hour, he went to the glass to witness its effect. But oh, what language can describe the appalling apparition that burst upon his sight? His brows, the hair, skin, and parts adjacent, presented one blaze of the most intense crimson. He looked like an Irishman with the recent marks of an affectionate shillelah upon his temples, or like the blood-boltered ghost of Banquo. He tried, but ineffectually, to remove the sanguine stain. He washed, he scrubbed, he scraped, all to no purpose. One part of the advertisement at least was true, and he found to his cost that the permanence of the dye was no empty boast. So far was the discoloration from yielding to his efforts, that every washing seemed to increase its depth and intensity. The only effect of his labour was to add to the disfigurement of his countenance, a most violent degree of pain and irritation. Finding that it was useless to make farther attempts for the removal of the stain, he shut himself in his room, pretended illness, and dispatched notes of apology to the friends whom he had invited to dinner. No one received his notes; the gentlemen met, and dined together at their own expense: one of them indulged himself in very severe reprobation of what he termed Jack's ungentlemanly conduct. The latter heard of this, and, as soon as he was able to appear abroad, sent a challenge to the offender. They met, and my friend was severely wounded in the shoulder. Such was the result of his eccentricity!

From the Keepsake.

MY AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

"There are times
When Fancy plays her gambols, in despite
Even of our watchful senses, when in sooth
Substance seems shadow, shadow substance seems,
When the broad, palpable, and mark'd partition
'Twixt that which is and is not, seems dissolved,
As if the mental eye gain'd power to gaze
Beyond the limits of the existing world.
Such hours of shadowy dreaming I better love
Than all the gross realities of life."—*Anonymous.*

My Aunt Margaret was one of that respectable sisterhood, upon whom devolve all the trouble and solicitude incidental to the possession of children, excepting only that which attends their entrance into the world. We were a large family, of very different dispositions and constitutions. Some were dull and peevish—they were sent to Aunt Margaret to be amused; some were rude, romping, and boisterous—they were sent to Aunt Margaret to be kept quiet, or rather, that their noise might be removed out of hearing: those who were indisposed were sent with the prospect of being nursed—those who were stubborn, with the hope of their being subdued by the kindness of Aunt Margaret's discipline: in short, she had all the various duties of a mother, without the credit and dignity of the maternal character. The busy scene of her various cares is now over—of the invalids and the robust, the kind and the rough, the peevish and pleased children who thronged her little parlour from morning to night, not one now remains alive but myself; who, afflicted by early infirmity, was one of the most delicate of her nurselings, yet, nevertheless, have outlived them all.

It is still my custom, and shall be so while I have the use of my limbs, to visit my respected relation at least three times a week. Her abode is about half a mile from the suburbs of the town in which I reside; and is accessible, not only by the high road, from which it stands at some distance, but by means of a green-sward-foot-path, leading through some pretty meadows. I have so little left to torment me in life, that it is one of my greatest vexations to know that several of these sequestered fields have been devoted as sites for building. In that which is nearest the town, wheel-barrows have been at work for several weeks in such numbers, that, I verily believe, its whole surface, to the depth of at least eighteen inches,

was mounted in these monotrochs at the same moment, and in the act of being transported from one place to another. Huge triangular piles of planks are also reared in different parts of the devoted message; and a little group of trees, that still grace the eastern end, which rises in a gentle ascent, have just received warning to quit, expressed by a daub of white paint, and are to give place to a curious grove of chimneys.

It would, perhaps, hurt others in my situation to reflect that this little range of pasture once belonged to my father (whose family was of some consideration in the world), and was sold by patches to remedy distresses in which he involved himself in an attempt by commercial adventure to redeem his diminished fortune. While the building scheme was in full operation, this circumstance was often pointed out to me by the class of friends who are anxious that no part of your misfortunes should escape your observation. "Such pasture ground!—lying at the very town's end—in turnips and potatoes, the packs would bring £20 per acre, and if leased for building—O, it was a gold mine!—And all sold for an old song out of the ancient possessor's hands." My comforters cannot bring me to repine much on this subject. If I could be allowed to look back on the past without interruption, I could willingly give up the enjoyment of present income, and the hope of future profit, to those who have purchased what my father sold. I regret the alteration of the ground only because it destroys associations, and I would more willingly (I think) see the Earl's Closes in the hands of strangers, retaining their sylvan appearance, than know them for my own, if torn up by agriculture, or covered with buildings. Mine are the sensations of poor Logan:

"The horrid plough has razed the green
Where yet a child I stray'd;
The axe has fell'd the hawthorn screen,
The schoolboy's summer shade."

I hope, however, the threatened devastation will not be consummated in my day. Although the adventurous spirit of times short while since passed gave rise to the undertaking, I have been encouraged to think, that the subsequent changes have so far damped the spirit of speculation, that the rest of the woodland foot-path leading to Aunt Margaret's retreat will be left undisturbed for her time and mine. I

am interested in this, for every step of the way, after I have passed through the green already mentioned, has for me something of early remembrance:—There is the stile at which I can recollect a cross child's maid upbraiding me with my infirmity, as she lifted me coarsely and carelessly over the flinty steps, which my brothers traversed with shout and bound. I remember the suppressed bitterness of the moment, and, conscious of my own inferiority, the feeling of envy with which I regarded the easy movements and elastic steps of my more happily formed brethren. Alas! these goodly barks have all perished on life's wide ocean, and only that which seemed so little sea-worthy, as the naval phrase goes, has reached the port when the tempest is over. Then there is the pool where, manœuvring our little navy, constructed out of the broad water-flags, my elder brother fell in, and was scarce saved from the watery element, to die under Nelson's banner. There is the hazel copse, also, in which my brother Henry used to gather nuts; thinking little that he was to die in an Indian jungle in quest of rupees.

There is so much more of remembrance about the little walk, that,—as I stop, rest on my crutch-headed cane, and look round with that species of comparison between the thing I was and that which I now am,—it almost induces me to doubt my own identity; until I find myself in face of the honeysuckle porch of Aunt Margaret's dwelling, with its irregularity of front, and its odd projecting latticed windows; where the workmen seem to have made a study that no one of them should resemble another, in form, size, or in the old-fashioned stone entablature, and labels, which adorn them. This tenement, once the manor-house of Earl's Closes, we still retain a slight nod upon; for, in some family arrangements, it had been settled upon Aunt Margaret during the term of her life. Upon this frail tenure depends, in a great measure, the last shadow of the family of Bothwell of Earl's Closes, and their last slight connexion with their paternal inheritance. The only representative will then be an infirm old man, moving not unwillingly to the grave, which has devoured all that were dear to his affections.

When I have indulged such thoughts for a minute or two, I enter the mansion, which is said to have been the gatehouse only of the original building, and find one being on whom time seems to have made little impression; for the Aunt Margaret of to-day bears the same proportional age to the Aunt Margaret of my early youth, that the boy of ten years old does to the man of (by'r Lady!) some fifty-six years. The old lady's invariable costume has doubtless some share in confirming one in the opinion, that time has stood still with Aunt Margaret.

The brown or chocolate-coloured silk gown, with ruffles of the same stuff at the elbow, within which are others of Mechlin lace—the black-silk gloves, or mitts, the white hair combed back upon a roll, and the cap of spotless cambric, which closes around the venerable countenance, as they were not the costume of 1780, so neither were they that of 1826; they are altogether a style peculiar to the in-

dividual Aunt Margaret. There she still sits, as she sate thirty years since, with her wheel or the stocking, which she works by the fire in winter, and by the window in summer; or, perhaps, venturing as far as the porch in an unusually fine summer evening. Her frame, like some well constructed piece of mechanics, still performs the operations for which it had seemed destined; going its round with an activity which is gradually diminished, yet indicating no probability that it will soon come to a period.

The solicitude and affection which had made Aunt Margaret the willing slave to the inflictions of a whole nursery have now for their object the health and comfort of one old and infirm man; the last remaining relative of her family, and the only one who can still find interest in the traditional stores which she hoards; as some miser hides the gold which he desires that no one should enjoy after his death.

My conversation with Aunt Margaret generally relates little either to the present or to the future: for the passing day we possess as much as we require, and we neither of us wish for more; and for that which is to follow we have on this side of the grave neither hopes, nor fears, nor anxiety. We therefore naturally look back to the past; and forget the present fallen fortunes and declined importance of our family, in recalling the hours when it was wealthy and prosperous.

With this slight introduction, the reader will know as much of Aunt Margaret and her nephew as is necessary to comprehend the following conversation and narrative.

Last week, when, late in a summer evening, I went to call on the old lady to whom my reader is now introduced, I was received by her with all her usual affection and benignity; while, at the same time, she seemed abstracted and disposed to silence. I asked her the reason. "They have been clearing out the old chapel," she said; "John Clayhudgeon's having, it seems, discovered that the stuff within,—being, I suppose, the remains of our ancestors,—was excellent for top-dressing the meadows."

Here I started up with more alacrity than I have displayed for some years; but sate down while my aunt added, laying her hand upon my sleeve, "The chapel has been long considered as common ground, my dear, and used for a penfold, and what objection can we have to the man for employing what is his own, to his own profit? Besides, I did speak to him, and he very readily and civilly promised, that, if he found bones or monuments, they should be carefully respected and reinstated; and what more could I ask? So, the first stone they found bore the name of Margaret Bothwell, 1535, and I have caused it to be laid carefully aside, as I think it betokens death; and having served my namesake two hundred years, it has just been cast up in time to do me the same good turn. My house has been long put in order, as far as the small earthly concerns require it, but who shall say that their account with heaven is sufficiently revised?"

"After what you have said, aunt," I replied, "perhaps I ought to take my hat and go away,

and so I should, but that there is on this occasion a little alloy mingled with your devotion. To think of death at all times is a duty—to suppose it nearer from the finding an old grave-stone is superstition; and you, with your strong useful common sense, which was so long the prop of a fallen family, are the last person whom I should have suspected of such weakness."

"Neither would I deserve your suspicions, kinsman," answered Aunt Margaret, "if we were speaking of any incident occurring in the actual business of human life. But for all this, I have a sense of superstition about me, which I do not wish to part with. It is a feeling which separates me from this age, and links me with that to which I am hastening; and even when it seems, as now, to lead me to the brink of the grave, and bids me gaze on it, I do not love that it should be dispelled. It soothes my imagination, without influencing my reason or conduct."

"I profess, my good lady," replied I, "that had any one but you made such a declaration, I should have thought it as capricious as that of the clergyman, who, without vindicating his false reading, preferred from habit's sake, his old *trumpismus* to the modern *Sumpismus*."

"Well," answered my aunt, "I must explain my inconsistency in this particular, by comparing it to another. I am, as you know, a piece of that old-fashioned thing called a Jacobite; but I am so in sentiment and feeling only; for a more loyal subject never joined in prayers for the health and wealth of George the Fourth, whom God long preserve! But I dare say that kind-hearted Sovereign would not deem that an old woman did him much injury, if she leaned back in her arm-chair, just in such a twilight as this, and thought of the high-mettled men, whose sense of duty called them to arms against his grandfather; and how, in a cause which they deemed that of their rightful prince and country—

"They fought till their hand to the broadsword was glued,
They fought against fortune with hearts un-
subdued."

Do not come at such a moment, when my head is full of plaids, pibrochs, and claymores, and ask my reason to admit what, I am afraid, it cannot deny,—I mean, that the public advantage peremptorily demanded that these things should cease to exist. I cannot, indeed, refuse to allow the justice of your reasoning; but yet, being convinced against my will, you will gain little by your motion. You might as well read to an infatuated lover the catalogue of his mistress's imperfections; for, when he has been compelled to listen to the summary, you will only get for answer, that, 'he lo'es her a' the better.'"

I was not sorry to have changed the gloomy train of Aunt Margaret's thoughts, and replied in the same tone, "Well, I can't help being persuaded that our good king is the more sure of Mrs. Bothwell's loyal affection, that he has the Stuart right of birth, as well as the Act of Succession, in his favour."

"Perhaps my attachment, were its source of consequence, might be found warmer for the

union of the rights you mention," said Aunt Margaret; "but, upon my word, it would be as sincere if the King's right were founded only on the will of the nation, as declared at the Revolution. I am none of your *jure divino* folks."

"And a Jacobite notwithstanding."

"And a Jacobite notwithstanding; or rather, I will give you leave to call me one of the party, which, in Queen Anne's time, were called *Whimsicals*; because they were sometimes operated upon by feelings, sometimes by principle. After all, it is very hard that you will not allow an old woman to be as inconsistent in her political sentiments, as mankind in general show themselves in all the various courses of life; since you cannot point out one of them, in which the passions and prejudices of those who pursue it are not perpetually carrying us away from the path which our reason points out."

"True, aunt; but you are a wilful wanderer, who should be forced back into the right path."

"Spare me, I entreat you," replied Aunt Margaret. "You remember the Gaelic song, though I dare say I mispronounce the words—

"*Heid' m'heid, na d'weid' m'!*"

"I am asleep; do not waken me."

I tell you, kinsman, that the sort of waking dreams which my imagination spins out, in what your favourite Wordsworth calls 'moods of my own mind,' are worth all the rest of my more active days. Then, instead of looking forwards, as I did in youth, and forming for myself fairy palaces, upon the verge of the grave, I turn my eyes backward upon the days, and manners, of my better time; and the sad, yet soothing recollections, come so close and interesting, that I almost think it sacrilege to be wiser or more rational, or less prejudiced, than those to whom I looked up in my younger years."

"I think I now understand what you mean," I answered, "and can comprehend why you should occasionally prefer the twilight of illusion to the steady light of reason."

"Where there is no task," she rejoined, "to be performed, we may sit in the dark if we like it—if we go to work, we must ring for candles."

"And amidst such shadowy and doubtful light," continued I, "imagination frames her enchanted and enchanting visions, and sometimes passes them upon the senses for reality."

"Yes," said Aunt Margaret, who is a well-read woman, "to those who resemble the translator of Tasso, &c."

"Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung."

It is not required for this purpose, that you should be sensible of the painful horrors, which an actual belief in such prodigies inflicts—such a belief, now-a-days, belongs only to fools and children. It is not necessary, that your ears should tingle, and your complexion change, like that of Theodore, at the approach of the spectral huntsman. All that is indispensable for the enjoyment of the milder feeling of supernatural awe is, that you should be susceptible of the slight shuddering which creeps over you, when you hear a tale of terror—that well-

reached tale which the narrator, having first expressed his general disbelief of all such legendary lore, selects and produces, as having something in it which he has been always obliged to give up as inexplicable. Another symptom is, a momentary hesitation to look round you, when the interest of the narrative is at the highest; and the third, a desire to avoid looking into a mirror, when you are alone, in your chamber, for the evening. I mean such are signs which indicate the crisis, when a female imagination is in due temperature to enjoy a ghost story. I do not pretend to describe those which express the same disposition in a gentleman."

"That last symptom, dear aunt, of shunning the mirror, seems likely to be a rare occurrence amongst the fair sex."

"You are a novice in toilette fashions, my dear cousin. All women consult the looking-glass with anxiety, before they go into company; but when they return home, the mirror has not the same charm. The die has been cast—the party has been successful or unsuccessful, in the impression which she desired to make. But, without going deeper into the mysteries of the dressing-table, I will tell you that I, myself, like many other honest folks, do not like to see the blank black front of a large mirror in a room dimly lighted, and where the reflection of the candle seems rather to lose itself in the deep obscurity of the glass, than to be reflected back again into the apartment. That space of inky darkness seems to be a field for Fancy to play her revels in. She may call up other features to meet us, instead of the reflection of our own; or, as in the spells of Hallowe'en, which we learned in childhood, some unknown form may be seen peeping over our shoulder. In short, when I am in a ghost-seeing humour, I make my hand-maiden draw the green curtains over the mirror, before I go into the room, so that she may have the first shock of the apparition, if there be any to be seen." But to tell you the truth, this dislike to look into a mirror in particular times and places has, I believe, its original foundation in a story, which came to me by tradition from my grandmother, who was a party concerned in the scene of which I will now tell you."

THE MIRROR.—CHAPTER I.

You are fond (said my aunt) of sketches of the society which has passed away. I wish I could describe to you Sir Philip Forester, the "Chartered Libertine" of Scottish good company, about the end of the last century. I never saw him, indeed, but my mother's traditions were full of his wit, gallantry, and dissipation. This gay knight flourished about the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th century. He was the Sir Charles Easy and the Lovelace of his day and country; renowned for the number of duels he had fought, and the successful intrigues which he had carried on. The supremacy which he had attained in the fashionable world was absolute; and when we combine it with one or two anecdotes, for which, "if laws were made for every degree," he ought certainly to have been hanged, the popularity of such a person really serves to

show, either that the present times are much more decent, if not more virtuous, than they formerly were; or, that high breeding then was of more difficult attainment than that which is now so called; and, consequently, entitled the successful professor to a proportional degree of plenary indulgences and privileges. No beau of this day could have borne out so ugly a story as that of Pretty Peggy Grindstone, the miller's daughter at Sillermills—it had well nigh made work for the Lord Advocate. But it hurt Sir Philip Forester no more than the hail hurts the hearth-stone. He was as well received in society as ever, and dined with the Duke of A—the day the poor girl was buried. She died of heart break. But that has nothing to do with my story.

Now, you must listen to a single word upon kith, kin, and ally; I promise you I will not be prolix. But it is necessary to the authenticity of my legend, that you should know that Sir Philip Forester, with his handsome person, elegant accomplishments, and fashionable manners, married the younger Miss Falconer, of King's-Copland. The elder sister of this lady had previously become the wife of my grandfather, Sir Geoffrey Bothwell, and brought into our family a good fortune. Miss Jemima, or Miss Jemmie Falconer, as she was usually called, had also about ten thousand pounds sterling; then thought a very handsome portion indeed.

The two sisters were extremely different, though each had their admirers while they remained single. Lady Bothwell had some touch of the old King's-Copland blood about her. She was bold, though not to the degree of audacity: ambitious, and desirous to raise her house and family; and was, as has been said, a considerable spur to my grandfather, who was otherwise an indolent man; but whom, unless he has been slandered, his lady's influence involved in some political matters which had been more wisely let alone. She was a woman of high principle, however, and masculine good sense, as some of her letters testify, which are still in my wainscot cabinet.

Jemmie Falconer was the reverse of her sister in every respect. Her understanding did not reach above the ordinary pitch, if, indeed, she could be said to have attained it. Her beauty, while it lasted, consisted, in a great measure, of delicacy of complexion and regularity of features, without any peculiar force of expression. Even these charms faded under the sufferings attendant on an ill-sorted match. She was passionately attached to her husband, by whom she was treated with a callous, yet polite, indifference; which, to one whose heart was as tender as her judgment was weak, was more painful perhaps than absolute ill-usage. Sir Philip was a voluptuary, that is, a completely selfish egotist: whose disposition and character resembled the rapier he wore, polished, keen and brilliant, but inflexible and unyielding. As he observed carefully all the usual forms towards his lady, he had the art to deprive her even of the compassion of the world; and useless and unavailing as that may be while actually possessed by the sufferer, it is, to a mind like Lady Forester's, most painful to know she has it not.

The title of society did its best to place the peccant husband above the suffering wife. Some called her a poor spiritless thing, and declared, that with a little of her sister's spirit, she might have brought to reason any Sir Philip whatsoever, were it the tergitant Falconer himself. But the greater part of their acquaintance affected candour, and saw faults on both sides; though, in fact, there only existed the oppressor and the oppressed. The tone of such critics was—"To be sure, no one will justify Sir Philip Forester, but then we all know Sir Philip, and Jemmie Falconer might have known what she had to expect from the beginning.—What made her set her cap at Sir Philip?—He would never have looked at her if she had not thrown herself at his head, with her poor ten thousand pounds. I am sure, if it is money he wanted, she spoiled his market. I know where Sir Philip could have done much better.—And then, if she *would* have the man, could not she try to make him more comfortable at home, and have his friends oftener, and not plague him with the squalling children, and take care all was handsome and in good style about the house? I declare I think Sir Philip would have made a very domestic man, with a woman who knew how to manage him."

Now these fair critics, in raising their profound edifice of domestic felicity, did not recollect that the corner-stone was wanting; and that to receive good company with good cheer, the means of the banquet ought to have been furnished by Sir Philip; whose income (dilapidated as it was) was not equal to the display of the hospitality required, and at the same time to the supply of the good knight's *menus plaisirs*. So, in spite of all that was so sagely suggested by female friends, Sir Philip carried his good humour every where abroad, and left at home a solitary mansion, and a pining spouse.

At length, inconvenienced in his money affairs, and tired even of the short time which he spent in his own dull house, Sir Philip Forester determined to take a trip to the continent, in the capacity of a volunteer. It was then common for men of fashion to do so; and our knight perhaps was of opinion that a touch of the military character, just enough to exalt, but not render pedantic, his qualities as a *beau garçon*, was necessary to maintain possession of the elevated situation which he held in the ranks of fashion.

Sir Philip's resolution threw his wife into agonies of terror; by which the worthy baronet was so much annoyed, that, contrary to his wont, he took some trouble to soothe her apprehensions; and once more brought her to shed tears, in which sorrow was not altogether unmingled with pleasure. Lady Bothwell asked, as a favour, Sir Philip's permission to receive her sister and her family into her own house during his absence on the continent. Sir Philip readily assented to a proposition which saved expense, silenced the foolish people who might have talked of a deserted wife and family, and gratified Lady Bothwell; for whom he felt some respect, as for one who often spoke to him, always with freedom, and sometimes with severity, without

being deterred either by his raillery, or the prestige of his reputation.

A day or two before Sir Philip's departure, Lady Bothwell took the liberty of asking him, in her sister's presence, the direct question, which his timid wife had often desired, but never ventured, to put to him.

"Pray, Sir Philip, what route do you take when you reach the continent?"

"I go from Leith to Helvoet by a packet with advices."

"That I comprehend perfectly," said Lady Bothwell drily; "but you do not mean to remain long at Helvoet, I presume, and I should like to know what is your next object?"

"You ask me, my dear lady," answered Sir Philip, "a question which I have not dared to ask myself. The answer depends on the fate of war. I shall, of course, go to head-quarters, wherever they may happen to be for the time; deliver my letters of introduction; learn as much of the noble art of war as may suffice a poor interloping amateur; and then take a glance at the sort of thing of which we read so much in the Gazette."

"And I trust, Sir Philip," said Lady Bothwell, "that you will remember that you are a husband and a father; and that though you think fit to indulge this military fancy, you will not let it hurry you into dangers which it is certainly unnecessary for any save professional persons to encounter."

"Lady Bothwell does me too much honour," replied the adventurous knight, "in regarding such a circumstance with the slightest interest. But to soothe your flattering anxiety, I trust your ladyship will recollect, that I cannot expose to hazard the venerable and paternal character which you so obligingly recommend to my protection, without putting in some peril an honest fellow, called Philip Forester, with whom I have kept company for thirty years, and with whom, though some folks consider him a coxcomb, I have not the least desire to part."

"Well, Sir Philip, you are the best judge of your own affairs; I have little right to interfere—you are not my husband."

"God forbid!"—said Sir Philip hastily; instantly adding, however, "God forbid that I should deprive my friend Sir Geoffrey of so inestimable a treasure."

"But you are my sister's husband," replied the lady; "and I suppose you are aware of her present distress of mind——"

"If hearing of nothing else from morning to night can make me aware of it," said Sir Philip, "I should know something of the matter."

"I do not pretend to reply to your wit, Sir Philip," answered Lady Bothwell; "but you must be sensible that all this distress is on account of apprehensions for your personal safety."

"In that case, I am surprised that Lady Bothwell, at least, should give herself so much trouble upon so insignificant a subject."

"My sister's interest may account for my being anxious to learn something of Sir Philip Forester's motions; about which otherwise, I know, he would not wish me to concern

myself: I have a brother's safety to be anxious for."

"You mean Major Falconer, your brother by the mother's side:—What can he possibly have to do with our present agreeable conversation?"

"You have had words together, Sir Philip," said Lady Bothwell.

"Naturally; we are connexions," replied Sir Philip, "and as such have always had the usual intercourse."

"That is an evasion of the subject," answered the lady. "By words, I mean angry words, on the subject of your usage of your wife."

"If," replied Sir Philip Forester, "you suppose Major Falconer simple enough to intrude his advice upon me, Lady Bothwell, in my domestic matters, you are indeed warranted in believing that I might possibly be so far displeased with the interference, as to request him to reserve his advice till it was asked."

"And being on these terms, you are going to join the very army in which my brother Falconer is now serving."

"No man knows the path of honour better than Major Falconer," said Sir Philip. "An aspirant after fame, like me, cannot choose a better guide than his footsteps."

Lady Bothwell rose and went to the window, the tears gushing from her eyes.

"And this heartless railery," she said, "is all the consideration that is to be given to our apprehensions of a quarrel which may bring on the most terrible consequences? Good God! of what can men's hearts be made, who can thus dally with the agony of others?"

Sir Philip Forester was moved; he laid aside the mocking tone in which he had hitherto spoken.

"Dear Lady Bothwell," he said, taking her reluctant hand, "we are both wrong:—you are too deeply serious; I, perhaps, too little so. The dispute I had with Major Falconer was of no earthly consequence. Had any thing occurred betwixt us that ought to have been settled *par voie du fait*, as we say in France, neither of us are persons that are likely to postpone such a meeting. Permit me to say, that, were it generally known that you or my Lady Forester are apprehensive of such a catastrophe, it might be the very means of bringing about what would not otherwise be likely to happen. I know your good sense, Lady Bothwell, and that you will understand me when I say, that really my affairs require my absence for some months;—this *Jemima* cannot understand: it is a perpetual recurrence of questions, why can you not do this, or that, or the third thing; and when you have proved to her that her expedients are totally ineffectual, you have just to begin the whole round again. Now, do you tell her, dear Lady Bothwell, that you are satisfied. She is, you must confess, one of those persons with whom authority goes farther than reasoning. Do but repose a little confidence in me, and you shall see how amply I will repay it."

Lady Bothwell shook her head, as one but half satisfied. "How difficult it is to extend confidence, when the basis on which it ought

to rest has been so much shaken! But I will do my best to make *Jemima* easy; and farther, I can only say, that for keeping your present purpose I hold you responsible both to God and man."

"Do not fear that I will deceive you," said Sir Philip; "the safest conveyance to me will be through the general post-office, Helvoetsluis, where I will take care to leave orders for forwarding my letters. As for Falconer, our only encounter will be over a bottle of Burgundy; so make yourself perfectly easy on his score."

Lady Bothwell could not make herself easy; yet she was sensible that her sister hurt her own cause by *taking on*, as the maid-servants call it, too vehemently; and by showing before every stranger, by manner, and sometimes by words also, a dissatisfaction with her husband's journey, that was sure to come to his ears, and equally certain to displease him. But there was no help for this domestic dissension, which ended only with the day of separation.

I am sorry I cannot tell, with precision, the year in which Sir Philip Forester went over to Flanders; but it was one of those in which the campaign opened with extraordinary fury; and many bloody, though indecisive, skirmishes were fought between the French on the one side, and the allies on the other. In all our modern improvements there are none, perhaps, greater than in the accuracy and speed with which intelligence is transmitted from any scene of action to those in this country whom it may concern. During Marlborough's campaigns, the sufferings of the many who had relations in, or along with, the army were greatly augmented by the suspense in which they were detained for weeks, after they had heard of bloody battles, in which, in all probability, those for whom their bosoms throbbed with anxiety had been personally engaged. Amongst those who were most agonized by this state of uncertainty was the, I had almost said deserted, wife of the gay Sir Philip Forester. A single letter had informed her of his arrival on the continent—no others were received. One notice occurred in the newspapers, in which Volunteer Sir Philip Forester was mentioned as having been intrusted with a dangerous reconnoissance, which he had executed with the greatest courage, dexterity, and intelligence, and received the thanks of the commanding officer. The sense of his having acquired distinction brought a momentary glow into the lady's pale cheek; but it was instantly lost in ashen whiteness at the recollection of his danger. After this they had no news whatever, neither from Sir Philip, nor even from their brother Falconer. The case of Lady Forester was not indeed different from that of hundreds in the same situation; but a feeble mind is necessarily an irritable one, and the suspense which some bear with constitutional indifference or philosophical resignation, and some with a disposition to believe and hope the best, was intolerable to Lady Forester, at once solitary and sensitive, low-spirited, and devoid of strength of mind, whether natural or acquired.

As she received no further news of Sir Philip, whether directly or indirectly, his unfortunate lady began now to feel a sort of consolation, even in those careless habits which had so often given her pain. "He is so thoughtless," she repeated a hundred times a day to her sister, "he never writes when things are going on smoothly; it is his way: had any thing happened he would have informed us."

Lady Bothwell listened to her sister without attempting to console her. Probably she might be of opinion, that even the worst intelligence which could be received from Flanders might not be without some touch of consolation; and that the Dowager Lady Forester, if so she was doomed to be called, might have a source of happiness unknown to the wife of the gayest and finest gentleman in Scotland. This conviction became stronger as they learned from inquiries made at head-quarters, that Sir Rnnp was no longer with the army; though whether he had been taken or slain in some of those skirmishes which were perpetually occurring, and in which he loved to distinguish himself, or whether he had, for some unknown reason or capricious change of mind, voluntarily left the service, none of his countrymen in the camp of the allies could form even a conjecture. Meantime his creditors at home became clamorous, entered into possession of his property, and threatened his person, should he be rash enough to return to Scotland. These additional disadvantages aggravated Lady Bothwell's displeasure against the fugitive husband; while her sister saw nothing in any of them, save what tended to increase her grief for the absence of him whom her imagination now represented,—as it had before marriage,—gallant, gay, and affectionate.

About this period there appeared in Edinburgh a man of singular appearance and pretensions. He was commonly called the Paduan Doctor, from having received his education at that famous university. He was supposed to possess some rare receipts in medicine, with which, it was affirmed, he had wrought remarkable cures. But though, on the one hand, the physicians of Edinburgh termed him an empiric, there were many persons, and among them some of the clergy, who, while they admitted the truth of the cures and the force of his remedies, alleged that Doctor Baptista Damiotti made use of charms and unlawful arts in order to obtain success in his practice. The resorting to him was even solemnly preached against, as a seeking of health from idols, and a trusting to the help which was to come from Egypt. But the protection which the Paduan doctor received from some friends of interest and consequence enabled him to set these imputations at defiance, and to assume, even in the city of Edinburgh, famed as it was for abhorrence of witches, and necromancers, the dangerous character of an expounder of futurity. It was at length rumoured, that, for a certain gratification, which of course was not an inconsiderable one, Doctor Baptista Damiotti could tell the fate of the absent, and even show his visitors the personal form of their absent friends, and

the action in which they were engaged at the moment. This rumour came to the ears of Lady Forester, who had reached that pitch of mental agony in which the sufferer will do any thing, or endure any thing, that suspense may be converted into certainty.

Gentle and timid in most cases, her state of mind made her equally obstinate and reckless, and it was with no small surprise and alarm that her sister, Lady Bothwell, heard her express a resolution to visit this man of art, and learn from him the fate of her husband. Lady Bothwell remonstrated on the improbability that such pretensions as those of this foreigner could be founded in any thing but imposture.

"I care not," said the deserted wife, "what degree of ridicule I may incur: if there be any one chance out of a hundred that I may obtain some certainty of my husband's fate, I would not miss that chance for whatever else the world can offer me."

Lady Bothwell next urged the unlawfulness of resorting to such sources of forbidden knowledge.

"Sister," replied the sufferer, "he who is dying of thirst cannot refrain from drinking even poisoned water. She who suffers under suspense, must seek information, even were the powers which offer it unhallowed and infernal. I go to learn my fate alone; and this very evening will I know it: the sun that rises to-morrow shall find me, if not more happy, at least more resigned."

"Sister," said Lady Bothwell, "if you are determined upon this wild step, you shall not go alone. If this man be an impostor, you may be too much agitated by your feelings to detect his villany. If, which I cannot believe, there be any truth in what he pretends, you shall not be exposed alone to a communication of so extraordinary a nature. I will go with you, if indeed you determine to go. But yet reconsider your project, and renounce inquiries which cannot be prosecuted without guilt, and perhaps without danger."

Lady Forester threw herself into her sister's arms, and, clasping her to her bosom, thanked her a hundred times for the offer of her company; while she declined with a melancholy gesture the friendly advice with which it was accompanied.

When the hour of twilight arrived,—which was the period when the Paduan doctor was understood to receive the visits of those who came to consult with him,—the two ladies left their apartments in the Canongate of Edinburgh, having their dress arranged like that of women of an inferior description, and their plaids disposed around their faces as they were worn by the same class; for, in those days of aristocracy, the quality of the wearer was generally indicated by the manner in which her plaid was disposed, as well as by the fineness of its texture. It was Lady Bothwell who had suggested this species of disguise, partly to avoid observation as they should go to the conjuror's house, and partly in order to make trial of his penetration, by appearing before him in a feigned character. Lady Forester's servant, of tried fidelity, had been employed by her to propitiate the doctor by a suitable fee, and a story intimating that a sol-

dier's wife desired to know the fate of her husband; a subject upon which, in all probability, the sage was very frequently consulted.

To the last moment, when the palace clock struck eight, Lady Bothwell earnestly watched her sister, in hopes that she might retreat from her rash undertaking; but as mildness, and even timidity, is capable at times of vehemence and fixed purposes, she found Lady Forester resolutely unmoved and determined when the moment of departure arrived. Ill satisfied with the expedition, but determined not to leave her sister at such a crisis, Lady Bothwell accompanied Lady Forester through more than one obscure street and lane, the servant walking before and acting as their guide. At length he suddenly turned into a narrow court, and knocked at an arched door, which seemed to belong to a building of some antiquity. It opened, though no one appeared to act as porter; and the servant stepping aside from the entrance, motioned the ladies to enter. They had no sooner done so, than it shut, and excluded their guide. The two ladies found themselves in a small vestibule, illuminated by a dim lamp, and having, when the door was closed, no communication with the external light or air. The door of an inner apartment, partly open, was at the further side of the vestibule.

"We must not hesitate now, Jemina," said Lady Bothwell, and walked forwards into the inner room, where, surrounded by books, maps, philosophical utensils, and other implements of peculiar shape and appearance, they found the man of art.

There was nothing very peculiar in the Italian's appearance. He had the dark complexion and marked features of his country, seemed about fifty years old, and was handsomely, but plainly, dressed in a full suit of black clothes, which was then the universal costume of the medical profession. Large wax lights, in silver sconces, illuminated the apartment, which was reasonably furnished. He rose as the ladies entered; and, notwithstanding the inferiority of their dress, received them with the marked respect due to their quality, and which foreigners are usually punctilious in rendering to those to whom such honours are due.

Lady Bothwell endeavoured to maintain her proposed incognito; and as the doctor ushered them to the upper end of the room, made a motion declining his courtesy, as unfitted for their condition. "We are poor people, sir," she said; "only my sister's distress has brought us to consult your worship whether—"

He smiled as he interrupted her—"I am aware, madam, of your sister's distress, and its cause; I am aware, also, that I am honoured with a visit from two ladies of the highest consideration—Lady Bothwell and Lady Forester. If I could not distinguish them from the class of society which their present dress would indicate, there would be small possibility of my being able to gratify them by giving the information which they came to seek."

"I can easily understand," said Lady Bothwell—

"Pardon my boldness to interrupt you, madam," cried the Italian; "your ladyship was

about to say, that you could easily understand that I had got possession of your names by means of your domestic. But in thinking so, you do injustice to the fidelity of your servant, and I may add, to the skill of one who is also not less your humble servant—Baptista Damiootti."

"I have no intention to do either, sir," said Lady Bothwell, maintaining a tone of composure, though somewhat surprised, "but the situation is something new to me. If you know who we are, you also know, sir, what brought us here."

"Curiosity to know the fate of a Scottish gentleman of rank, now, or lately, upon the continent," answered the seer; "his name is Il Cavaliero Philippo Forester; a gentleman who has the honour to be husband to this lady, and, with your ladyship's permission for using plain language, the misfortune not to value as it deserves that inestimable advantage."

Lady Forester sighed deeply, and Lady Bothwell replied—

"Since you know our object without our telling it, the only question that remains is, whether you have the power to relieve my sister's anxiety."

"I have, madam," answered the Paduan scholar; "but there is still a previous inquiry. Have you the courage to behold with your own eyes what the Cavaliero Philippo Forester is now doing? or will you take it on my report?"

"That question my sister must answer for herself," said Lady Bothwell.

"With my own eyes will I endure to see whatever you have power to show me," said Lady Forester, with the same determined spirit which had stimulated her since her resolution was taken upon this subject.

"There may be danger in it."

"If gold can compensate the risk," said Lady Forester, taking out her purse.

"I do not such things for the purpose of gain," answered the foreigner. "I dare not turn my art to such a purpose. If I take the gold of the wealthy, it is but to bestow it on the poor; nor do I ever accept more than the sum I have already received from your servant. Put up your purse, madam; an adept needs not your gold."

Lady Bothwell, considering this rejection of her sister's offer as a mere trick of an empiric, to induce her to press a larger sum upon him, and willing that the scene should be commenced and ended, offered some gold in turn, observing that it was only to enlarge the sphere of his charity.

"Let Lady Bothwell enlarge the sphere of her own charity," said the Paduan, "not merely in giving of alms, in which I know she is not deficient, but in judging the character of others; and let her oblige Baptista Damiootti by believing him honest till she shall discover him to be a knave. Do not be surprised, madam, if I speak in answer to your thoughts rather than your expressions, and tell me once more whether you have courage to look on what I am prepared to show?"

"I own sir," said Lady Bothwell, "that your words strike me with some sense of fear; but whatever my sister desires to witness I will not shrink from witnessing along with her."

"Nay, the danger only consists in the risk of your resolution failing you. The sight can only last for the space of seven minutes; and should you interrupt the vision by speaking a single word, not only would the charm be broken, but some danger might result to the spectators. But if you can remain steadily silent for the seven minutes, your curiosity will be gratified without the slightest risk; and for this I will engage my honour."

Internally Lady Bothwell thought the security was but an indifferent one: but she suppressed the suspicion, as if she had believed that the adept, whose dark features wore a half-formed smile, could in reality read even her most secret reflections. A solemn pause then ensued, until Lady Forester gathered courage enough to reply to the physician, as he termed himself, that she would abide with firmness and silence the sight which he had promised to exhibit to them. Upon this, he made them a low obeisance, and saying he went to prepare matters to meet their wish, left the apartment. The two sisters, hand in hand, as if seeking by that close union to divert any danger which might threaten them, sat down on two seats in immediate contact with each other: Jemima seeking support in the manly and habitual courage of Lady Bothwell; and she, on the other hand, more agitated than she had expected, endeavouring to fortify herself by the desperate resolution which circumstances had forced her sister to assume. The one perhaps said to herself, that her sister never feared any thing; and the other might reflect, that what so feeble a minded woman as Jemima did not fear, could not properly be a subject of apprehension to a person of firmness and resolution like her own.

In a few moments the thoughts of both were diverted from their own situation, by a strain of music so singularly sweet and solemn, that, while it seemed calculated to avert or dispel any feeling unconnected with its harmony, increased at the same time, the solemn excitation which the preceding interview was calculated to produce. The music was that of some instrument with which they were unacquainted; but circumstances afterwards led my ancestress to believe that it was that of the harmonica, which she heard at a much later period in life.

When these heaven-born sounds had ceased a door opened in the upper end of the apartment, and they saw Damioiti, standing at the head of two or three steps, sign to them to advance. His dress was so different from that which he had worn a few minutes before, that they could hardly recognise him; and the deadly paleness of his countenance, and a certain stern rigidity of muscles, like that of one whose mind is made up to some strange and daring action, had totally changed the somewhat sarcastic expression with which he had previously regarded them both, and particularly Lady Bothwell. He was barefooted, excepting a species of sandals in the antique fashion: his legs were naked beneath the knee; above them he wore hose, and a doublet of dark crimson silk close to his body; and over that a flowing loose robe, something resembling a surplice, of snow-white linen; his throat and neck were

uncovered, and his long, straight, black hair was carefully combed down at full length.

As the ladies approached at his bidding, he showed no gesture of that ceremonious courtesy of which he had been formerly lavish. On the contrary, he made the signal of advance with an air of command; and when, arm in arm, and with insecure steps, the sisters approached the spot where he stood, it was with a warning frown that he pressed his finger to his lips, as if reiterating his condition of absolute silence, while, stalking before them, he led the way into the next apartment.

This was a large room, hung with black, as if for a funeral. At the upper end was a table, or rather a species of altar, covered with the same lugubrious colour, on which lay divers objects resembling the usual implements of sorcery. These objects were not indeed visible as they advanced into the apartment; for the light which displayed them, being only that of two expiring lamps, was extremely faint.—The master—to use the Italian phrase for persons of this description—approached the upper end of the room, with a genuflexion like that of a Catholic to the crucifix, and at the same time crossed himself. The ladies followed in silence and arm in arm. Two or three low broad steps led to a platform in front of the altar, or what resembled such. Here the sage took his stand, and placed the ladies beside him, once more earnestly repeating by signs his injunctions of silence. The Italian then, extending his bare arm from under his linen vestment, pointed with his fore-finger to five large flambeaux, or torches, placed on each side of the altar. They took fire successively at the approach of his hand, or rather of his finger, and spread a strong light through the room. By this the visitors could discern that, on the seeming altar, were disposed two naked swords laid crosswise: a large open book, which they conceived to be a copy of the Holy Scriptures, but in a language to them unknown; and beside this mysterious volume was placed a human skull. But what struck the sisters most was a very tall and broad mirror, which occupied all the space behind the altar, and, illumined by the lighted torches, reflected the mysterious articles which were laid upon it.

The master then placed himself between the two ladies, and, pointing to the mirror, took each by the hand, but without speaking a syllable. They gazed intently on the polished and sable space to which he had directed their attention. Suddenly the surface assumed a new and singular appearance. It no longer simply reflected the objects placed before it, but, as if it had self-contained scenery of its own, objects began to appear within it, at first in a disorderly, indistinct, and miscellaneous manner, like form arranging itself out of chaos; at length, in distinct and defined shape and symmetry. It was thus that after some shifting of light and darkness over the face of the wonderful glass, a long perspective of arches and columns began to arrange itself on its sides, and a vaulted roof on the upper part of it; till, after many oscillations, the whole vision gained a fixed and stationary appearance, representing the interior of a foreign church. The pillars were stately, and hung with scutcheons; the arches were

lofty and magnificent; the floor was lettered with funeral inscriptions. But there were no separate shrines, no images, no display of chalice or crucifix on the altar. It was, therefore, a Protestant church upon the continent. A clergyman dressed in the Geneva gown and band stood by the communion-table, and, with the Bible opened before him, and his clerk awaiting in the back ground, seemed prepared to perform some service of the church to which he belonged.

At length, there entered the middle aisle of the building a numerous party, which appeared to be a bridal one, as a lady and gentleman walked first, hand in hand, followed by a large concourse of persons of both sexes, gaily, nay, richly, attired. The bride, whose features they could distinctly see, seemed not more than sixteen years old, and extremely beautiful. The bridegroom, for some seconds, moved rather with his shoulder towards them, and his face averted; but his elegance of form and step struck the sisters at once with the same apprehension. As he turned his face suddenly, it was frightfully realised, and they saw, in the gay bridegroom before them, Sir Philip Forester. His wife uttered an imperfect exclamation, at the sound of which the whole scene stirred and seemed to separate.

"I could compare it to nothing," said Lady Bothwell while recounting the wonderful tale, "but to the dispersion of the reflection offered by a deep and calm pool, when a stone is suddenly cast into it, and the shadows become dissipated and broken." The master pressed both the ladies' hands severely, as if to remind them of their promise, and of the danger which they incurred. The exclamation died away on Lady Forester's tongue, without attaining perfect utterance, and the scene in the glass, after the fluctuation of a minute, again resumed to the eye its former appearance of a real scene, existing within the mirror, as if represented in a picture. save that the figures were moveable instead of being stationary.

The representation of Sir Philip Forester, now distinctly visible in form and feature, was seen to lead on towards the clergyman that beautiful girl, who advanced at once with diffidence and with a species of affectionate pride. In the mean time, and just as the clergyman had arranged the bridal company before him, and seemed about to commence the service, another group of persons, of whom two or three were officers, entered the church. They moved, at first, forward, as though they came to witness the bridal ceremony, but suddenly one of the officers, whose back was towards the spectators, detached himself from his companions, and rushed hastily towards the marriage party; when the whole of them turned towards him, as if attracted by some exclamation which had accompanied his advance. Suddenly the intruder drew his sword; the bridegroom unsheathed his own, and made towards him; swords were also drawn by other individuals, both of the marriage party, and of those who had last entered. They fell into a sort of confusion, the clergyman and some elder and some graver persons, labouring apparently to keep the peace, while the hotter spirits on both sides brandished their weapons. But now, the period

of the brief space during which the soothsayer, as he pretended, was permitted to exhibit his art, was arrived. The fumes again mixed together, and dissolved gradually from observation; the vaults and columns of the church rolled asunder, and disappeared; and the front of the mirror reflected nothing save the blazing torches, and the melancholy apparatus placed on the altar or table before it.

The doctor led the ladies, who greatly required his support, into the apartment from whence they came; where wine, essences, and other means of restoring suspended animation had been provided during his absence. He motioned them to chairs, which they occupied in silence; Lady Forester, in particular wringing her hands, and casting her eyes up to heaven, but without speaking a word, as if the spell had been still before her eyes.

"And what we have seen is even now acting?" said Lady Bothwell, collecting herself with difficulty.

"That," answered Baptista Damiotti, "I cannot justly, or with certainty, say. But it is either now acting, or has been acted, during a short space before this. It is the last remarkable transaction in which the Cavalier Forester has been engaged."

Lady Bothwell then expressed anxiety concerning her sister, whose altered countenance, and apparent unconsciousness of what passed around her, excited her apprehensions how it might be possible to convey her home.

"I have prepared for that," answered the adept; "I have directed the servant to bring your equipage as near to this place as the narrowness of the street will permit. Fear not for your sister; but give her, when you return home, this composing draught, and she will be better to-morrow morning. Few," he added, in a melancholy tone, "leave this house as well in health as they entered it. Such being the consequence of seeking knowledge by mysterious means, I leave you to judge the condition of those who have the power of gratifying such irregular curiosity. Farewell, and forget not the potion."

"I will give her nothing that comes from you," said Lady Bothwell; "I have seen enough of your art already. Perhaps you would poison us both to conceal your own necromancy. But we are persons who want neither the means of making our wrongs known, nor the assistance of friends to right them."

"You have had no wrongs from me, madam," said the adept. "You sought one who is little grateful for such honour. He seeks no one, and only gives responses to those who invite and call upon him. After all, you have but learned a little sooner the evil which you must still be doomed to endure. I hear your servant's step at the door, and will detain your ladyship and Lady Forester no longer. The next packet from the continent will explain what you have already partly witnessed. Let it not, if I may advise, pass too suddenly into your sister's hands."

So saying, he bid Lady Bothwell good night. She went, lighted by the adept, to the vestibule, where he hastily threw a black cloak over

his singular dress, and opening the door, entrusted his visitors to the care of the servant. It was with difficulty that Lady Bothwell sustained her sister to the carriage, though it was only twenty steps distant. When they arrived at home, Lady Forester required medical assistance. The physician of the family attended, and shook his head on feeling her pulse.

"Here has been," he said, "a violent and sudden shock on the nerves. I must know how it has happened."

Lady Bothwell admitted they had visited the conjuror, and that Lady Forester had received some bad news respecting her husband, Sir Philip.

"That rascally quack would make my fortune were he to stay in Edinburgh," said the graduate; "this is the seventh nervous case I have heard of his making for me, and all by effect of terror." He next examined the composing draught which Lady Bothwell had unconsciously brought in her hand, tasted it, and pronounced it very germain to the matter, and what would save an application to the apothecary. He then paused, and looking at Lady Bothwell very significantly, at length added, "I suppose I must not ask your ladyship any thing about this Italian warlock's proceedings?"

"Indeed, doctor," answered Lady Bothwell, "I consider what passed as confidential; and though the man may be a rogue, yet, as we were fools enough to consult him, we should, I think, be honest enough to keep his counsel."

"May be a knave—come," said the doctor, "I am glad to hear your ladyship allows such a possibility in any thing that comes from Italy."

"What comes from Italy may be as good as what comes from Hanover, doctor. But you and I will remain good friends, and that it may be so, we will say nothing of whig and tory."

"Not I," said the doctor, receiving his fee; and taking his hat, "a Carolus serves my purpose as well as a Willielmus. But I should like to know why old Lady Saint Ringans, and all that set, go about wasting their decayed lungs in puffing this foreign fellow."

"Ay—you had best set him down a Jesuit, as Scrub says." On these terms they parted.

The poor patient—whose nerves, from an extraordinary state of tension, had at length become relaxed in as extraordinary a degree—continued to struggle with a sort of imbecility, the growth of superstitious terror, when the shocking tidings were brought from Holland, which fulfilled even her worst expectations.

They were sent by the celebrated Earl of Stair, and contained the melancholy event of a duel betwixt Sir Philip Forester, and his wife's half-brother, Captain Falconer, of the Scotch-Dutch, as they were then called, in which the latter had been killed. The cause of quarrel rendered the incident still more shocking. It seemed that Sir Philip had left the army suddenly, in consequence of being unable to pay a very considerable sum, which he had lost to another volunteer at play. He had changed his name, and taken up his residence at Rotterdam, where he had insinuated himself into the good graces of an ancient and

rich burgomaster, and by his handsome person and graceful manners captivated the affections of his only child, a very young person of great beauty, and the heiress of much wealth. Delighted with the specious attractions of his proposed son-in-law, the wealthy merchant—whose idea of the British character was too high to admit of his taking any precaution to acquire evidence of his condition and circumstances—gave his consent to the marriage. It was about to be celebrated in the principal church of the city, when it was interrupted by a singular occurrence.

Captain Falconer having been detached to Rotterdam to bring up a part of the brigade of Scottish auxiliaries, who were in quarters there, a person of consideration in the town, to whom he had been formerly known, proposed to him for amusement to go to the high church, to see a countryman of his own married to the daughter of a wealthy burgomaster. Captain Falconer went accordingly, accompanied by his Dutch acquaintance, with a party of his friends, and two or three officers of the Scotch brigade. His astonishment may be conceived when he saw his own brother-in-law, a married man, on the point of leading to the altar the innocent and beautiful creature, upon whom he was about to practise a base and unmanly deceit. He proclaimed his villany on the spot, and the marriage was interrupted of course. But against the opinion of more thinking men, who considered Sir Philip Forester as having thrown himself out of the rank of men of honour, Captain Falconer admitted him to the privileges of such, accepted a challenge from him, and in the rencounter received a mortal wound. Such are the ways of Heaven, mysterious in our eyes. Lady Forester never recovered the shock of this dismal intelligence.

"And did this tragedy," said I, "take place exactly at the time when the scene in the mirror was exhibited?"

"It is hard to be obliged to maim one's story," answered my aunt; "but to speak the truth, it happened some days sooner than the apparition was exhibited."

"And so there remained a possibility," said I, "that by some secret and speedy communication the artist might have received early intelligence of that incident."

"The incredulous pretended so," replied my aunt.

"What became of the adept?" demanded I.

"Why, a warrant came down shortly afterwards to arrest him for high-treason, as an agent of the Chevalier St. George; and Lady Bothwell recollecting the hints which had escaped the doctor, an ardent friend of the Protestant succession, did then call to remembrance, that this man was chiefly *prone* among the ancient matrons of her own political persuasion. It certainly seemed probable that intelligence from the continent, which could easily have been transmitted by an active and powerful agent, might have enabled him to prepare such a scene of phantasmagoria as she had herself witnessed. Yet there were so many difficulties in assigning a natural explanation, that, to the day of her death, she remained in great doubt

on the subject, and much disposed to cut the Gordian knot by admitting the existence of supernatural agency."

"But my dear aunt," said I, "what became of the man of skill?"

"Oh, he was too good a fortune-teller not to be able to foresee that his own destiny would be tragical if he waited the arrival of a man with the silver greyhound upon his sleeve. He made, as we say, a moonlight fitting, and was no where to be seen or heard of. Some noise there was about papers or letters found in the house, but it died away, and Doctor Baptista Damiozzi was soon as little talked of as Galen or Hippocrates."

"And Sir Philip Forester," said I, "did he too vanish for ever from the public scene?"

"No," replied my kind informer. "He was heard of once more, and it was upon a remarkable occasion. It is said that we Scots, when there was such a nation in existence, have, among our full peck of virtues, one or two little barleycorns of vice. In particular, it is alleged that we rarely forgive, and never forget, any injuries received; that we used to make an idol of our resentment, as poor Lady Constance did of her grief: and are addicted, as Burns says, to 'nursing our wrath to keep it warm.' Lady Bothwell was not without this feeling; and, I believe, nothing whatever, scarce the restoration of the Stuart line, could have happened so delicious to her feelings as an opportunity of being revenged on Sir Philip Forester for the deep and double injury which had deprived her of a sister and of a brother. But nothing of him was heard or known till many a year had passed away."

At length—it was on a Fasten's E'en (Shrove-tide) assembly, at which the whole fashion of Edinburgh attended, full and frequent, and when Lady Bothwell had a seat amongst the lady patronesses, that one of the attendants on the company whispered into her ear, that a gentleman wished to speak with her in private.

"In private? and in an assembly-room?—he must be mad—tell him to call upon me to-morrow morning."

"I said so, my lady," answered the man, "but he desired me to give you this paper."

She undid the billet, which was curiously folded and sealed. It only bore the words, "*On business of life and death,*" written in a hand which she had never seen before. Suddenly it occurred to her that it might concern the safety of some of her political friends; she therefore followed the messenger to a small apartment where the refreshments were prepared, and from which the general company was excluded. She found an old man, who at her approach rose up and bowed profoundly. His appearance indicated a broken constitution, and his dress, though sedulously rendered conforming to the etiquette of a ball-room, was worn and tarnished, and hung in folds about his emaciated person. Lady Bothwell was about to feel for her purse, expecting to get rid of the supplicant at the expense of a little money, but some fear of a mistake arrested her purpose. She therefore gave the man leisure to explain himself.

"I have the honour to speak with the Lady Bothwell?"

"I am Lady Bothwell; allow me to say that this is no time or place for long explanations.—What are your commands with me?"

"Your ladyship," said the old man, "had once a sister."

"True; whom I loved as my own soul."

"And a brother."

"The bravest, the kindest, the most affectionate," said Lady Bothwell.

"Both these beloved relatives you lost by the fault of an unfortunate man," continued the stranger.

"By the crime of an unnatural, bloody-minded murderer," said the lady.

"I am answered," replied the old man, bowing, as if to withdraw.

"Stop, sir, I command you," said Lady Bothwell.—"Who are you, that, at such a place and time, come to recal these horrible recollections? I insist upon knowing."

"I am one who means Lady Bothwell no injury; but, on the contrary, to offer her the means of doing a deed of Christian charity which the world would wonder at, and which Heaven would reward; but I find her in no temper for such a sacrifice as I was prepared to ask."

"Speak out, sir; what is your meaning?" said Lady Bothwell.

"The wretch that has wronged you so deeply," rejoined the stranger, "is now on his deathbed. His days have been days of misery, his nights have been sleepless hours of anguish—yet he cannot die without your forgiveness. His life has been a ~~penance~~ ^{penance}—yet he dares not part from his burthen while your curses load his soul."

"Tell him," said Lady Bothwell sternly, "to ask pardon of that Being whom he has so greatly offended; not of an erring mortal like himself. What could my forgiveness avail him?"

"Much," answered the old man. "It will be an earnest of that which he may then venture to ask from his Creator, lady, and from yours. Remember, Lady Bothwell, you too have a deathbed to look forward to; your soul, as all human souls must, feel the awe of facing the judgment-seat, with the wounds of an untended conscience, raw, and rankling—what thought would it be then that should whisper, 'I have given no mercy, how then shall I ask it?'"

"Man, whosoever thou mayst be," replied Lady Bothwell, "urge me not so cruelly. It would be but blasphemous hypocrisy to utter with my lips the words which every throb of my heart protests against. They would open the earth and give to light the wasted form of my sister—the bloody form of my murdered brother.—Forgive him?—Never, never!"

"Great God!" cried the old man, holding up his hands; "is it thus the worms which thou hast called out of dust obey the commands of their Maker? Farewell, proud and unforgiving woman. Exult that thou hast added to a death in want and pain the agonies of religious despair; but never again mock Heaven by petitioning for the pardon which thou hast refused to grant."

He was turning from her.

"Stop," she exclaimed; "I will try; yes, I will try to pardon him."

"Gracious lady," said the old man, "you will relieve the overburdened soul which dare not sever itself from its sinful companion of earth without being at peace with you. What do I know—your forgiveness may perhaps preserve for penitence the dregs of a wretched life."

"Ha!" said the lady, as a sudden light broke on her, "it is the villain himself." And grasping Sir Philip Forester, for it was he, and no other, by the collar, she raised a cry of "Murder, murder! seize the murderer!"

At an exclamation so singular, in such a place, the company thronged into the apartment, but Sir Philip Forester was no longer there. He had forcibly extricated himself from Lady Bothwell's hold, and had run out of the apartment which opened on the landing-place of the stair. There seemed no escape in that direction, for there were several persons coming up the steps, and others descending. But the unfortunate man was desperate. He threw himself over the balustrade, and alighted safely in the lobby, though a leap of fifteen feet at least, then dashed into the street, and was lost in darkness. Some of the Bothwell family made pursuit, and had they come up with the fugitive they might have perhaps slain him; for in those days men's blood ran warm in their veins. But the police did not interfere; the matter most criminal having happened long since, and in a foreign land. Indeed it was always thought that this extraordinary scene originated in a hypothetical experiment, by which Sir Philip desired to ascertain whether he might return to his native country in safety from the resentment of a family which he had injured so deeply. As the result fell out so contrary to his wishes, he is believed to have returned to the continent, and there died in exile. So closed the tale of the MYSTERIOUS MIRROR.

that mankind were in general pretty good,—almost fit for heaven; therefore, though he talked now and then about drunkards and adulterers, he did not feel that it was necessary for men to be renewed in the spirit of their minds, and he did not urge them to become thus renewed. Once he was called to the sick bed of a young lady, who had never thought seriously of her duty to God, or of the importance of an interest in the Redeemer; she was one of those gay ones who by parental indulgence are encouraged to seek happiness amid “the pomps and vanities of this wicked world,” and who till the time of her sickness had hardly recognised the idea that she was to die. Her mind was full of alarm as she beheld death approaching. “My dear,” said he to her, “give yourself no uneasiness; you have never done any thing wrong, you have always been amiable; what should you be afraid of? You will certainly be received to heaven.” “Well, but I am not fit,” she replied. “I never loved religion upon earth, how shall I do then where there is nothing but religion? I am afraid all is not right with me.” “Oh, you should banish such gloomy ideas,” said he; “you will certainly be safe.” “Sir,” she exclaimed, with eagerness, “I am afraid such views are not sufficient.” He succeeded in quieting her in some measure, and she died destitute of a renewal of mind, or an interest in Christ. Was he not a murderer? He was an accessory, to say the least.

His preaching was so general, and aimed so little at presenting scriptural doctrine in scriptural manner, that it was difficult even for those who were disposed to profit, to find out from it the necessity of a vigorous, purifying faith. He was indeed seldom remarkable for dwelling upon the Saviour; his offices, the necessity of being united to him; or of keeping the heart prayerfully. He was sometimes learned; often eloquent; but, the people were neither warned of imminent danger, nor directed with sufficient plainness to the cross. He hardly understood the nature of faith or the importance of consecrating the whole soul to God. He frequently preached without speaking of the Saviour, and might as readily have been taken for a disciple of Plato as of any one else. His hearers grew in their love of the world, and conformity to it, but they scarce thought of growing in grace or in the knowledge of Christ. They lived and died, taking care not to break the laws of the land, or bring any stain on the honour of their families; but without fighting the good fight of faith, or earnestly following after eternal life. And was he not a murderer?—a murderer of their souls? He was at least an accessory.

He was directed by Holy Scripture to *reprove*, to *rebuke*, to *exhort*; but he never thought of rebuking, unless it was a servant, or an outcast. He was commanded to *be instant in season, out of season—in preaching the word*, but he thought the “dealing his weekly dole” quite sufficient. He had vowed to give faithful diligence to minister the doctrine and sacraments, and the discipline of Christ, to use both public and private monitions to the sick and well, within his cure, to frame and fashion his life according to the doctrine of Christ also; but when he visited, which was seldom, except where advantage or gratification was to be gained, he said nothing about religion. He delighted more in good eating than in the love of God, and though it was rare that he indulged to great excess, he drank to the utmost verge of temperance. His spirit was that of the gentleman with whom he associated; he never thought of having his conversation so seasoned as to minister grace. His aim was indulgence and mirth. He was certainly accessory to the destruction of souls, and destruction of souls is murder. His companions look to him, and he neither warned, reprov'd, nor exhorted with long suffering and doctrine. They were quite disposed to neglect the concerns of their souls: he encouraged their neglect and therefore was instrumental to their destruction.

Perhaps no men upon earth have a greater responsibility resting upon them than ministers. They cannot save the soul independently of divine grace; but they can discharge or neglect their duty; and their neglect brings after it most tremendous consequences. One wrong opinion on the part of a minister stamps an injurious tendency on his whole course of labour. He, by slumbering at his post, encourages the people to be led captive by satan at his will. Let him once think that his prime object is to be a gentleman—acceptable to the refined part of his hearers, and cautious never to oppose them—he becomes a murderer of souls.

It is said of an English divine that when a clergyman asked permission to hold another living in connection with his own, and to serve the new living by a curate; that he asked in

return, “will your curate be damned for you?” The importance of a clergyman’s discharging his duty was full in the mind of him who could ask such a question. Was the question improper? He who engages to discharge a duty is responsible. If through his fault the duty be not discharged, he surely must give account.

It were well if people generally were sensible of the awful consequences resulting from neglect on the part of the clergy. If they were, they would pray for them.

The soul that is led astray into the ways of forgetfulness of God by the neglect of its minister, may very properly address him thus, “You were set as my instructor, to teach me the way of salvation; you neglected me; your own spirit was a worldly one; you were intent upon gratifying your appetites, and without warning, reprov’g or praying for me, you gratified yourself at my expense. I was immersed in folly, but by you was I hardened; I am slain by whom? by satan—and you his accomplice.”

Oh when young men are thinking of coming forward and taking upon them the important office of the ministry, let them meditate upon the awful responsibility connected with it, and see that they know the Saviour and have his spirit.

For the Philadelphia Recorder.

MURDER.

There is a kind of murder taken notice of by no human law, but the most awful that can be conceived. I mean, the murder of the soul. There was a man once (now in his grave) who had dedicated himself to God in solemn covenant as his minister. He had given himself to the work of gathering souls into the fold of the Lord Jesus. He had in the sight of angels and of men vowed to be faithful, and he had taken the solemn symbols of the Saviour’s body and blood, as witness of his sincerity. This man—alas for human nature and for the church in which he preached!—this man seemed never to have any competent idea of the worth of the soul. His parish was large and populous and had the grade of morals ordinarily found in the country. There were a few pious people who knew what it was to pray in private as well as with the assembly; but by far the greater number were seeking their happiness in something beside God. He had declared that he believed himself “inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon him his office,” but he in fact scarcely believed that there was any Holy Ghost. In consequence he seldom pressed upon his hearers the importance of seeking his influence. He confessed in the daily service “there was no health in him,” but he believed

Memoir.

[From an English Publication.]

THE AFFECTING DEATH.

"Green as the bay-tree ever green,
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen,
I pass'd and they were gone."

The voice said" to the prophet,
"cry; and he said what shall I
cry? —*All flesh is as grass, and all
the goodness thereof is as the flower
of the field; the grass withereth,
the flower fadeth: because the Spirit
of the Lord bloweth upon it.*"
Such is the language of Revela-
tion: and is it not daily confirmed
by Providence? Where is the
blooming youth, on whom the fond
hopes of an affectionate father
were built? Where is the amia-
ble and lovely female, to promote
whose future happiness and usef-
fulness, the indulgent mother had
devoted her life? Ah! what deso-
lations, are made in the earth!
Our's is a dying world; and yet,
the thoughtless sons of men, hurry
on in the paths of pleasure, re-
gardless of their latter end!

"We must needs all die."—
"True," says the youth in bloom-
ing health, "but not yet. I may
indulge, for a long season, in the
pleasures of life; and twenty years
hence I will think of religion." Pause,
my friend, before you fully
conclude that you shall not die
yet, before you quite resolve to
defer religion; even for an hour,
and listen to a tale—a true tale;
one that has affected many, who
can attest its truth, and which is
now committed to writing, for your
benefit.

In the spring of 1822, I was
called, for a few Sabbaths, into a
respectable town about twenty
miles from London. Nature seem-
ed in her prime: she had rescued
herself from the cold embraces of

winter, and appeared in her love-
liest robes; she had thrown around
her, cheerfulness of spirits, which
seemed to be enjoyed, both by the
human and animal creation, and
loudly called on every rational
being, to contemplate the benefi-
cent, and beautiful works of the
Creator, and raise their hearts,

From Nature up to Nature's God.

The labours of the Sabbath had
closed; and I was seated with my
friend in a room, where we could
view the sun setting in his story,
having fulfilled the duties of the
day. We were remarking, how
the Christian might learn a profit-
able lesson, from this bright lum-
inary, in being desirous, at once, to
reflect a Saviour's glory, and to
discharge every duty, in its proper
season; and that then we might
look forward to the period, when
as to this world, we should set, and
rise in a better; when my kind
hostess entered the room, and an-
nounced to us the illness of their
neighbour Miss —, who had been
suddenly attacked with a disease,
which, it was feared would baffle
the utmost skill of three physicians,
who at that moment surrounded
her bed. Turning to me, my
friend said, "This young lady, sir,
is reputed to be the greatest beau-
ty in the country; for some weeks
past, the greatest preparations
have been making for her wed-
ding, which was to have taken
place in a few days; but, I sup-
pose, that now all is thrown into
uncertainty, whether or not it will
ever be." This led us to some
remarks, on the uncertain tenure,
by which we hold our enjoyments,
and the importance of possessing
the friendship of him, who mana-
ges the affairs of the universe. I
thought that religion, had never
appeared so lovely in my estima-
tion, as when my friend repeated,
in solemn, and energetic manner,
the often quoted lines of Young:

His hand, the good man fastens on the
skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels the idle
whirl.

Again, and again, before we re-
tired to rest, were the most anxious
inquiries made, as to the probable
result of medical aid; but alas!
we learnt, "The post of observa-
tion, became darker every hour." We
prayed; (nor did we forget
the case, that so deeply affected
the hearts of my friends, and that
produced on my own, though an
absolute stranger, a strong impres-
sion,) and then separated for the
night.

As I entered the breakfast-room,
the following morning, I glanced at
the family, sitting around the table,
and anticipated the sound that fell
on my ears, "Well, Sir, the scene
is changed; Miss — died this
morning, at four o'clock."—"Then,"
replied I, "the scene is
changed indeed, for she has left a

world of changes for an eternal
state; she has entered into that
world where her destiny must be
fixed for ever." *Man dieth, and
wasteth away: yeu, man giveth up
the ghost, and where is he?*

We sat down to breakfast, with
feelings of the most solemn kind;
each felt concerned, to improve
the event for his own good. "Was
there any hope," I asked, "of a
change of heart before she died?"
for the gayeties she indulged—the
pleasure she pursued—and the
scoffs she uttered against religion,
would not support her on a dying
pillow:—she would then need the
religion she used to ridicule."
"Ah, my dear sir," replied my
friend, "these are the things, that
make religion appear important. I
cannot learn, that she uttered any
thing, on which our hopes may
rest. She does not seem to have
been fully aware of her danger.
When the minister was sent for,
he was forbidden to ask her any
questions, or to tell her that she
was dying."—"Cruel friends!" I
could not forbear exclaiming,
"that would rob a soul, just enter-
ing an eternal state, of the so-
lemn warning, the serious admoni-
tion of danger, and would hinder
the minister of Christ, from invi-
ting her to the Saviour; and cruel,
cruel, minister, who could be called
to such a scene, and be silent,
when duty bids him speak." We
indulged in silent meditation; no
one seeming disposed to utter his
musing. The breakfast cloth was
removed, and we read the "prayer
of Moses the man of God," con-
tained in the *ninetieth Psalm*, when
he witnessed the dreadful morta-
lity of the Israelites, and presented
our petitions to the throne of mer-
cy, that at the solemn hour of
death, we might be enabled to re-
joice in Jesus, as our friend, and bid
defiance to the king of terrors.

This affecting occurrence, ex-
cited, through the whole neigh-
bourhood, an extraordinary sensa-
tion. Many seemed deeply im-
pressed with the importance of re-
ligion; oh, that it may be found,
that the death of one, led to the
spiritual life of many.

A few days after, the mournful
procession was formed, to convey
the mortal remains of this once
beautiful and accomplished young
lady to the tomb, to become food
for worms. What a multitude as-
sembled! Sorrow sat on every
countenance, while the sun still
shone, as though it would shadow
forth the immutability of its Cre-
ator, "who changes not with chang-
ing time;" though men perish, he
remaineth the same, "and of his
years there is no end." I joined
the crowd and followed the corpse
to "the house appointed for all
living." I could not forbear drop-
ping the tear of sympathy, for the

young man, she was snatched from his embraces. My sympathy was increased, when my friends informed me, that this was the second time in which the disconsolate mourner had been placed in precisely the same circumstances. Ah! how loudly did this providence proclaim to him, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

When the funeral procession began to move, the sun, as I have remarked, shone forth in its glory, and nature appeared all gay and lively. But as we approached the church yard, the heavens gathered blackness, the lightnings flashed, and the rain descended in torrents. Never did I witness so sudden a change—never was I more forcibly reminded of the great dissolution of all things; and never did I ask myself with more seriousness, where shall I be found at that great and solemn day?

My reader, it may be your lot, and mine, to be ushered, in a sudden manner, into the presence of God. Are we ready?—Ready for death?—Ready for judgment?—Ready for heaven? If not—awful thought!—we are ready for—*Hell!* "Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Forgive, reader, my plainness—it is the plainness that results from ardent affection: "knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." We would fain urge you to "flee from the wrath to come;" we long to see you travelling with us in the way to heaven. May God grant both the writer and reader, that when these bodies are consigned to the grave, our souls may *"be with Christ which is far better."*

THE SHIP OF THE DEAD.

In the dreariest month of a dreary season, the ship *Aurora* sailed towards America, from the Baltic, with a small crew composed of twenty German sailors, one female passenger, and a boy, the wife and son of the commander, Eric Hermannwald; a man whose keen fierce eye was almost the interpreter of his wishes to his seamen, who seldom heard him speak, except in a strange compound of Saxon and Danish execrations. Gestures, various grimaces, and blows were his usual eloquence, even to his wife and child, though his miserable wife was sinking under the hardships of a long voyage to a bitter climate. They soon terminated the struggles of a broken heart; and her body was given to the sea, without even a look from her husband, or a tear from her darling boy, whose attention was fixed at that instant on a white bird, which had fallen, exhausted by a long emigration, on the deck. His sprang to catch it, as it lay fluttering; but a blow aimed at it by one of the crew, in wantonness or cruelty, fell on his hand and crushed it. His father, who had seen the act, and the effect, levelled the cutlass at his feet, exclaiming in the Hanoverian dialect, which he had never been taught to use before—"Dog! the blood which drops from that boy's hand is the richest in thy country." "More shall follow it," said the surly Saxon, putting his drawn knife suddenly into his own sleeve. The captain construing the movement into a threat of assassination, ordered him to be instantly and heavily ironed. No one hesitated to obey, and Burna was dragged to the yard-arm to receive his punishment; but Hendrig, the commander's son, leaped on his neck, and entreated pardon for the accidental blow he had received. Either the carcasses of his child, or the silent submission of the mutineer, relaxed Eric's wrath, and he scornfully bade him thank Hendrig for his life. "I will owe it to you, not to the boy," said Sturm, turning his back, "I keep my accounts with men."

At the third watch of that night, while the vessel was sailing tranquilly, her captain's sleep was broken by a singular noise. He roused himself, and found the door of his cabin barred against him. Eric's frame was as vigorous as his spirit, and seizing his cutlass and his pistols, he hurled the door from its hinges, and had mounted half the ladder with one step when twenty knives and bludgeons assailed him. His desperate courage forced his way, and, thrusting his pistol into the powder-room, he called on the mutineers to see him fire it, at the instant that Sturm's entered his back, and he fell dead. Sturm boldly putting his foot on the body, and, seizing the boy, who ran shrieking to his father, said to his comrades, "We have closed accounts with the man—let us pay the child."

Seven or eight hours devoted to the madness of intoxication, buried nearly half the crew in sleep—while the rest disputed to whom they should give the authority they had usurped. Wasted provision, empty casks, and broken weapons strewed the deck, when the stupid ruffians awoke and found themselves far from the track. Cries and commands, which all made and none obeyed, occupied the time that might have retrieved their error. They were urged rapidly forward by a south-east wind into a latitude beyond their chart, while despair, hunger, and the remains of delirious intemperance, rendered the crew frantic.

Cold and fog increased their sufferings and dismay, till a few biscuits, and a small cask of fresh water were all that remained of their stock. These were soon consumed by two or three of the boldest desperadoes, and ~~quarrels produced by rage and frenzy~~, saved nearly half the crew from the lingering tortures of famine. Those that survived assembled on the fifth day of their undirected course, to debate by what means they should avoid or delay their fate. Sturm presided at this gloomy meeting, and the first proposition was to throw the orphan-boy into the sea, and draw lots to decide what man should be sacrificed to preserve the rest a little longer. "I have the right to command once, at least," said Sturm, laying his cutlass deliberately before him, and placing the half-starved and terrified child between his knees; "I freed you from your captain, and now without the mimicry of drawing lots, I will free you from this useless boy, and myself of a troublesome life. Give me one of the boats, a biscuit, and this child, and you may see what chance will do for you. I choose to die on land," he added with a deadly smile, "for this boy's father lies under the sea, and I could not rest there." If either malice or craft lurked against him in the minds of his three companions, his stern and resolute tone, and the assent he gave so readily to their savage selfishness prevented any opposition. But one of these men, more shrewd or less human than the rest, conceived that a speech in which such singular disregard of life was hinted, must conceal some sinister purpose. Seizing the cutlass, which Sturm had placed unguardedly out of his own grasp, he gave a signal which the confederates obeyed, and rolling Sturm with the dying child, in a wide sail cloth, they threw him into the smallest boat, and launched it without oar or sail into the sea. As the current bore it from them, they saw the body of their captain rise breast-high above the water, and follow his murderer erect till both were out of sight*.

Sturm, framed for desperate efforts, and not yet subdued by hunger, soon released his arms and eyes from their covering, and found his little bark speeding towards an object dimly seen through the haze of those northern regions. When the distant object revealed itself more distinctly, Sturm perceived a ship, whose bare masts seemed whitened by the frost of this dismal climate. Neither sails nor tackle were discernable, but a few human figures were on the fore-castle, stiffening and bleaching in the wind.

Whether it moved by the force of the current, or from the steerage of invisible hands, Sturm dared not guess; and perhaps the dizziness of hunger increased the seeming motion of the object he gazed on. He saw, as he believed, the *Ship of Death*, which every seaman of the Baltic and Atlantic expects to behold when his death doom is certain.—Suddenly it appeared to remain fixed, and Sturm felt his own boat drawn toward it with such hopeless horror as the Belgian culprit feels when he approaches, step by step, the deadly embrace of his executioner. Sturm's iron heart sunk under this slow and freezing summons to death, and, shrouding himself in the sail meant for his winding sheet, he laid his head on the breast of the sleeping child, as if in a sanctuary, and closed his eyes. A violent concussion broke his trance, and the last instinct of nature enabled him to grasp firmly the substance on which he was thrown. It was ice, but the strong agony of struggling life gave his hand sufficient power, and a few moments restored him intellect enough to direct him into a hollow or cove made by fragments of broken glacier. There lay a human skeleton white and almost chrysalized; but beside was a shape which notwithstanding its crust of congealed snow resembled a seaman's bottle. Sturm broke it eagerly, and in the centre of a mass of ice, found about a cupfull of such potent spirit as recalled almost all the vigor and warmth of his breast. The child, muffled in the same sail cloth which wrapped him, shared his escape, and was soon made to partake the cordial he had found. His boat lay shattered into splinters among the spikes of ice which had entangled it; and Sturm ascending one perceived that the lee-land he now trod on, resembled the ribs and deck of a stately ship. A few columns of fantastic ice stood at unequal distances, in postures strongly resembling statues of shrouded men, Sturm trembled as he looked, and his bewildered imagination gave to one of them the features and form of him he had murdered. He sank on his knees, and remembering the awful office assigned by superstition to the ship of Death, conceived himself selected to endure the weight of retribu-

* This circumstance often occurs when a decrepit body has reached a state of putrefaction.

the justice. Fear, exhaustion, and the fumes of spirit, too powerful for his weakened frame, produced the torpor which most resembles death, and oftentimes precedes it in the midst of life. He slept till awakened by a torch and the touch of an old man wrapped in a fur cloak, with a gigantic Newfoundland dog by his side.

"Are there not two of you here?" said the old man, raising his lighted pine branch, and looking round. Sturm replied by feebly raising the sail-cloth and pointing to the bay, whose warmth, as he lay nestled in his breast, had probably preserved his life. "That is well," rejoined the stranger—"two nights ago I dreamed that five living creatures were in this Ship of the Dead:—next night I saw but four; and this hour, my sleep showed me only two. Therefore I came, for to-morrow would have been too late." The Saxon's blood ran still colder, while this aged seer and his sons placed him in a coat made of bear skins, and carried him as in a hammock toward a recess, where, stiffened in death, on each side of a burning fire-trunk, he saw two of his comrades in postures such as our poet has imagined for two enemies expiring together in the darkness of the last day.—The body of a third lay at some distance, mangled as it seemed by violence. The prophet's family were inhabitants of a lonely creek on the coast of Labrador, not far from this tale of death; and Sturm suffered them to convey him with his helpless child to their little pinnares and hospitable hut. A few days spent under their bountiful and simple care, with the aid of such medicaments as superstitious sanctities gave strength and hope to the solitary sailor. Yet he became silent and melancholy, replied in few words to their questions respecting his shipwreck, and shunned all proposals to domesticate or ally himself with them. He worked diligently as a carpenter, and promised his aid in constructing a better boat. They furnished him with materials; and after a year laboriously spent, he completed a six-oared cutter, and witnessed the Jubilee which such an event produced. But on the morning which followed their revel, the fishermen found their old boat, the provisions they had stowed in it, their guest, and his adopted son gone forever.

Many years after this adventure, Eric, Lord of Hermanwald and his young heir, re-appeared at their estate in the district of Hanover. This traveller, better known to the world as the Chevalier Megret, was one of the few who stood beside the unfortunate Charles XII. at the siege of Frederickshall, when he received the shot which ended his career; and Megret's celebrated words—"the play is over—let us begone!"—were still remembered by those who hated the traitor, though they loved the treason. Therefore he had quitted the associates and the scenes he then frequented, and the engineer Megret transformed himself into Baron Hermanwald, proprietor of the large estate and Mountain House of Heinnichshohe, from whence, after a short residence, he disappeared with his wife and only son, reporting among his neighbors and dependants that his health required a visit to the South of Europe. Ten years had elapsed, when he announced his return, and settled as a disconsolate widower and a professed misanthrope, in entire seclusion. No one sought to interrupt it; but his son as he advanced to manhood, showed an uncontrollable genius for military affairs. He entered that celebrated regiment which Frederick the Great made his chief pride and delight. Young Hermanwald's fine person and noble deportment, added to the professional skill he derived from his parental tutor, entitled him to distinction in a corps so select; and he held a captain's rank with such severe discipline as Frederick himself could not have excelled. Among the privates was a youth about the same age, of admirable proportions, and very engaging countenance, which bore a comparison even with his young commander's, and had been noticed by the king when on parade. Frederick's humour for multiplying and improving his favourite race is sufficiently well known, and the circumstance now connected with my story is upon record in his history. Taking his usual morning ride without attendants, he saw a young Lithuanian peasant girl, with the fine complexion and large stature peculiar to her province, gathering flax near his road. He called her, and writing a few lines on a slip of paper, bade her deliver them to Count Lieuwen at Konigsberg. The dollar which accompanied this commission, did not blind the girl's prudence. She knew the keen blue eye and rapid gestures of her Sovereign; and when his horse was out of sight, delivered his penciled billet and piece of silver to a decrepid old woman who assisted her labors in the flax field. Honest Gotha received them both with great joy, and executed her task as speedily as possible. Count Lieuwen's surprise when he opened the paper and looked on the portress, was extreme; for the message was, "marry the bearer of these lines to Hendrig, of the 4th, instantly, and see the marriage performed yourself." Lieuwen was colonel of the boasted regiment, and poor Hendrig obeyed his summons without any apprehension of the lot prepared for him, till the Count, with a smothered smile, inquired if Gotha had any objection to the order, which he repeated to her? her acquiescence, with the astonishment of his young subaltern were too ridiculous even for a Prussian officer's dignity; but the good dame, drawing Hendrig aside whispered in his ears, "Sign the mock contract—it may save you from a worse." Lieuwen laughed heartily, offered Hendrig two rix dollars and a marriage dinner to smooth the sacrifice, which he knew his master's temper too well to delay; and when Frederick saw his favourite troop drawn out, he inquired if the marriage had been duly celebrated. Lieuwen's smile provoked his curiosity, and he ordered the new-joined pair to stand before him. Even Frederick himself could not resist the ridiculous contrast. But presently changing his mirth to anger, he ordered their union to be instantly dissolved. Count Lieuwen was no less surprised when Hendrig modestly, yet firmly begged it might be permitted to remain valid. Frederick was more enraged than before, and threatened him with an instant dismissal from his colours. "I am proud of them," said the young soldier, "but much prouder of my wife." "Thou art a silly fellow," returned the king—"and thy wife will punish thee better than I." So saying, and turning on his heel with his own sly smile, he left the bridegroom to the ridicule of his comrades. No man understood the use of that powerful weapon better than the captain of the regiment, young Hermanwald; and secretly envying his exquisite symmetry and natural grace, he did not disdain to use it against Hendrig. The bitter scoff which he levelled at him before they quitted the parade, provoked the private soldier to reply, "If I was an officer, and your equal, I would answer you." The regiment returned to its barracks, and on the following morning Hendrig found a sealed commission lying on his table, enclosed with these words from his captain—"I was mistaken and forgot myself. If you condescend to remember and resent the affront, we are equals now, and the rampart will serve for our private meeting at daybreak."—Hendrig did not neglect the appointment and first putting his right hand in, to the young offenders, he returned him the commission with the other. "I believe you are right," said the generous boy, "it ought to come from a better hand." He said no more on the subject, merely returning Hendrig's friendly gesture; but a few days after Frederick himself gave the colours into his hand, asking if he had any other wish—"I do this to please myself," added this kingly soldier—"I must do something more to gratify your new friend, Hermanwald." Hendrig replied, that he could ask no greater honour than to serve by his side.

From that moment an affecting and noble intimacy began between the young ensign and his seeming benefactor. The decrepid old matron from whom it had sprung was never seen in public, and it was whispered that her husband gave her the largest part of his pay as the price of her retirement. The first leave of absence was solicited by Hermanwald for himself and his friend; that he might introduce him, as he said, to the friendship and protection of his reclus father, Eric of Heinnichshohe. They set out together, unattended, except by one person, to the Mountain-House, situated among the Harz territories in Hanover. The son was just rising above the horizon, and a few thick clouds were gathered on the pinnacles of the surrounding hills. As the travellers ascended a pile of granite rocks called the Tempels tanzel, they saw in the distance before them, among volumes of white clouds which rolled like the billows of a hazy ocean, a semblance of a Ship with bare masts, and human figures scattered on the deck. Young Hermanwald saw his companion grow pale, and fix his eyes intently on the apparition, which gradually sank and disappeared. They pursued their way toward the Worra Mountains, conversing on the Giant Spectre of the Broken, which for so many years has been the wonder of rustic Hanoverians, and the speculation of curious travellers. Hermanwald had wit and science, and he talked ingeniously on those deceptions of the atmosphere, and that morbid state of the brain, which, without either prejudice or superstition, may combine to

form certain images. "But," said the person who accompanied their route, "what was there in the sun-beam or the vapors to create the likeness of a ship? We might have seen our own shadows on the Auchtenuunshohe, because, as learned men say, those clouds reflect them; but where were the masts and ship's crew?" "I did not say I saw them," said Hermanwald gravely, and Hendrig mused a long time before he answered—"Perhaps I have read and thought too much on this subject, because I wish to find an excuse or a reason for my feelings. Noth have been easily found, and it is no shame to say I may be one of those who have been duped by recollected images too strongly impressed, or by the power which the eye possesses of presenting those images as if real. Caridan saw the apparition of a son he feared was in danger; and Dr. Donne saw the wife he loved so fondly, passing through his room in Paris, with her long hair loose, and her dead infant in her arms, when both, in fact, were in London. These, and all that we hear, of familiar demons and warning ghosts, seem very reasonably referred by modern physicians to the eye's creation, not to wilful delusion or imposture, the eye being aided and swayed by such images as possess or disease the brain." No wonder, therefore, if I saw, or thought I saw, the Ship of the Dead, in that atmospheric mirror; or, if I now imagine that I see in the river which runs beside us, the upright body of a man floating half above the water, and looking sternly at us."—Hermanwald and his attendant paused, drawing back from Hendrig with surprise and horror—"There is no such spectre visible to your eyes," continued the young man, smiling faintly—"but have seen it in every flood and sea I have passed since my fifth year: and I see the same man with his lank wet hair, his large scared forehead, and his hammock sewn loosely round his shoulders, moving by my side, whether I am on horseback or on foot, alone or in company; and his glazed eye seems fixed on me, as it fixes now."

They were now at the foot of a shelving eminence hung thickly with black pines intertwined over the narrow steps hewn between rocks which formed an ascent to the Mountain-House, where the elder Hermanwald resided. A strange chant, proceeding from uncouth voices, interrupted the travellers' discourse, and they saw a few lean hag-like figures creeping up the stony stairs, carrying vessels filled with water, and solacing their labour with a national ditty, according to the custom of their province. "Now," said the young nobleman to his companion, "if English theories are right, your spectre ought to be, not a drowned man, but an industrious old dame in the shape of these; for they resemble your wife, whose image has the best right to be in your heart." And laughing as he spoke, he entered his father's portal, followed by Hendrig and by one of these ancient women, who suddenly thrust herself between the gates, and entered with them. Surprised at such audacity, young Hermanwald turned back to punish it, and recognized Hendrig's wife. His anger instantly seemed changed to mirth; and mistaking the paleness of Hendrig's countenance for an expression of chagrin and confusion, he gave scope to his frolic temper, and seizing the decrepid bedlame's hand, with a mock air of profound respect, ushered her ceremoniously in the presence chamber, where the master of the Mountain House waited for them.—Already acquainted with the comic romance of Hendrig's marriage, his son's few arch words of affected introduction informed him how to receive the wrinkled and deformed creature he called the young ensign's bride. He rebuked his son's mirth with a side look of displeasure, and endeavoured to conciliate Hendrig by an air of serious courtesy to his strange follower. But his surprise was great when the withered and infirm old woman, gathering her tattered cloak under her arm, and putting back its hood, showed a grim bare head, and limbs of most masculine proportion. Stalking toward old Hermanwald, she stood erect before him, saying, in a voice which sounded as if from the depths of a vast cavern—"If thou art Eric of Heinnichshohe, who art I?"—The lord of the Mountain House was silent, and his son doubted whether he looked on a human shape or a spectre, such as the Giant of the Broken. After a moment's pause, the stranger drew forth the sleeve of a blue uniform coat, its cuff red with blood, and held it near old Hermanwald, but he did not appear to view it with any feeling of surprise or dismay. "You mean to awe me with hints of murder," said he, suddenly assuming fierceness—"but I am no assassin—Eric of Heinnichshohe—that is—myself, was cast upon the Ship of the Dead, and rescued by providential accidents. My son was with me, and we escaped from Labrador together; the Aurora perished with all her freight and all her crew: though I, her commander, was exposed to the hazard of a boat without rigging, and returned in safety." Without changing his aspect or his attitude, the pretended female fixed a ghastly eye upon the impostor, and replied—"If thou hadst been Eric, thou wouldst have known Sturm, the sailor, who threw his captain into the sea, and saw his body follow him to the Ship of the Dead. And this boy well remembers that ship, and that body, which have haunted us, sleeping and waking, till this day. If thou wast Eric, thou wouldst have remembered the coat sleeve of the king, whose blood was shed in Eric's presence, when he who is now called Baron of Hermanwald, was the engineer Megret. I have kept it as a holy relic, as an evidence of my truth, and as an evidence of obtaining justice. I killed my enemy, but his son shall have restitution."

And this singular man, whose wild, yet noble spirit, borne him through every species of desolate danger and abject disgrace, repeated this testimony to the Aulic tribunal of justice. To rescue Hendrig's inheritance from an usurping impostor, he avowed the murder which would have subjected him to death, himself, had not his judges pardoned his guilt to the father, in consideration of his generous love to the son. And that son paid the beneficence of his young commander by sharing his restored estates with him; while Sturm spent his remaining life in deep repentance and visionary musings on the Ship of the Dead.

* The visions of Ben Johnson, of Tasso, and many others more ancient, seem to be of this class. The first volume of the "Memoirs of Literature," published in 1714, contains very diverting instances; and Dr. Ferriar has collected some very modern ones, especially the story of a Highland lady, who possessed one half a gentleman's ghost while her sister was visited by the other. Some of the Hanoverian rocks above mentioned, rudely resemble the ribs and stern of a ship, and thus might have produced the visionary Ship of the Dead.

OF THE MYSTERIOUS AND SUPERNATURAL,

AND THEIR EFFECT UPON THE HUMAN MIND.

Men possess, either naturally or by education, a great love of the marvellous, a craving after the hidden and mysterious; a sort of half-fear, half-curiosity, which like many other artificial excitements, is as enticing as it is mischievous. Tales of goblins and ghosts, of wizards and gholes, of spells and of enchanters and of genii, are never without eager listeners. The story of the witch of Endor is one of the most popular in the Bible, and the mythology of the Greeks is to the infant student the most interesting and best-remembered portion of their history. The nursery is never so quiet as when its inmates crowd round the winter's fire to listen with sidelong glance and half drawn breath to the nursery maid's fairy tale; the noisiest are checked in their mirth; the boldest is frightened out of his recklessness; and the young party steal at last to bed starting at their very shadows, and afraid even to whisper lest a rash word call up some unseen spirit.

The miserable influence of tales like these often clings to the mind long after their folly is acknowledged. Feeling is too strong for reason; and the believer in ghost stories though converted to scepticism often trembles though he believes no more.

It may be said that such fears are too much of a piece with the rest of our education to injure us essentially. Even if we escape the fear of fays and goblins, we shall still be taught to fear; we must fear God that we may live uprightly; we must fear the day of judgment that we may avoid crime; we must fear the laws that we may obey them; we must fear our parents that we may respect them, and our teachers that we may learn by their instructions.

Fear then we must; and whether a little more be added from our stock of nursery recollections, it matters little: nay, it may be an advantage; for he who has never listened with pale cheek to mysterious tale is half a sceptic already in matters of more orthodox importance. The child who has heard and learnt since the first dawn of reason the nursery creed of spirits and fairies is aptly prepared to receive with unquestioning faith the Christian creed of angels and miracles.

But if we will discard fear as a motive to action; if we will train men to fear nothing but an evil action or an unkind thought or an ungenerous impulse—then we shall learn to estimate the dreadful extent of injury which these supernatural recitals produce. We shall begin to reflect that he who trembles before a shadow of his own creating is the worst kind of slave; and we shall cease to consider that mind independent whose peace may be disturbed by the stirring of an aspenleaf or the creaking of some old door.

These panic terrors are a curse which falls not on the weak and timid only, but on the strongest and the hardest. I have seen the daring sailor who would go aloft with quiet nerves to reef the shivering sail in the blackest and stormiest night—that man who would cling with cool self-possession to the bending yard when every roll of the reeling vessel half dipped him in the rising wave—him I have seen pale and awestruck, when on some quiet summer evening, while all was peace and tranquillity around, he sat listening to a comrade's tale of mystery and wonder,

That ignorant and uncultivated men should love to pass an idle hour under the feverish excitement which such marvel-tales produce, is matter of little surprise. But that the influential and the talented should give them circulation, as if they approved them, is indeed to be regretted. Yet so it is; some of the most popular writers, even in this enlightened age, call to their aid the fairy lore that characterizes old romance; and thus prostitute talents, whose rational exercise might well have gained their readers' interest, without idly drawing on man's ignorant love of the marvellous.

Blackwood's Magazine was a few years since, and probably still is, one of the most popular and most widely circulated of the British periodicals. Yet even its editor stoops to mystery for popularity, and scruples not to fill up its pages with nursery tales. Witness the story which we have copied on our first and second pages, as a specimen of the species of writing which we condemn. It exhibits some talent and is calculated to keep the reader's attention alive; and is, indeed, one of the best and farrest specimens of the marvellous school of writing. It paints, too, with much truth, the effect even on the rude sailor's mind, of mysterious tales. Yet this story and all stories of a similar character, produce on the young mind, an effect similar to that of ardent spirits on the body. They excite and gratify for the moment, at the expense of future health and tranquillity. Every one, therefore, who wishes well to his race, should discountenance all such attempts to work upon the weakest and worst parts of man's character; and to sacrifice the peace of after years for the pleasure of the present moment.

R. D.

sician. He came, treated the matter as a trifle, and promised that she would be better in the morning. But, after an extremely restless night, during which she was constantly delirious, the physician found poor Josepha in a state which had all the symptoms of strong nervous fever. He employed all the proper means, but Josepha's illness got daily worse.

On the 9th day, Josepha herself felt that her weak nerves would no longer sustain this malady; indeed, the physician had already mentioned it to Sellner before. She knew, herself, that her last hour was come, and with tranquil resignation she awaited her fate.

"Dear Edward," said she to her husband, as she drew him for the last time to her breast, "with deep regret do I leave this fair earth, in which I have found thee, and found true happiness in thy love; but now I may no longer remain happy in thine arms, yet shall Josepha's love still hover o'er thee, as thy good angel, until we meet again on high!"

Having said this, she sank back, and fell asleep for ever! It was nine o'clock in the morning. What Sellner suffered was inexpressible; he struggled long for life; the shock had destroyed his health; and when, after many weeks' illness, he recovered, there was no more the strength of youth in his limbs; he sank into a hollow melancholy, and evidently faded away. A deep sadness took the place of his despair, and a silent sorrow hallowed the memory of his beloved! He had Josepha's chamber left in the same state in which it was before her death. On a work table lay her needle-work, and in the corner was her harp, silent and untouched. Every evening did Sellner go on a pilgrimage to the sanctuary of his love, took his flute, leaned, as in the past times of his happiness, on the window, and breathed in mournful tones his regret for the beloved shade.

Once he stood thus, lost in fancy, in Josepha's chamber. A clear moonlight night wafted to him its gentle breezes through the open window, and, from a neighboring castle tower, the watchman called the hour of nine—the harp woke its tones again, as if swept by the breath of a spirit. Strangely surprised, he let his flute be still, and with it ceased the echo of the harp. He sang now with deep emotion Josepha's favorite air; and louder and stronger did the strings respond the melody, while their tones accorded in perfect union! He sank in joyous emotion on the earth, and spread his arms to embrace the beloved shade. Suddenly he felt himself breathed on as if by the warm breath of spring, and a pale and glimmering light over him! Strongly inspired he called out,—

"I know thee, beloved shade of my sainted Josepha! Thou didst promise to hover o'er me with thy love, and that promise thou hast fulfilled. I feel thy breath—thy kisses on my lips: I feel myself embraced by thy glory!"

With deeper bliss he seized, anew, the flute: and the harp sounded again, but yet lower and lower, until its whispers dissolved in distant and indistinct sounds!

Sellner's whole faculties were powerfully excited by the apparition of this evening; he threw himself, restless, on his bed, and in his

feverish dreams the whispers of the harp yet called on him again. He awoke late, and harassed with the phantasies of the night, he felt his whole being wonderously affected; and a voice was alive in him, which was the anticipation of a speedy dissolution, and which indicated the victory of the soul over the body. With infinite desire he awaited the evening and passed it in Josepha's chamber.

He had already lulled himself into a sweet dream by means of his flute, when it struck nine—and scarcely had the last stroke of the clock echoed, when the harp began to sound softly, until at length it vibrated in full cord. As his flute ceased, the spirit-tones ceased with it; the pale and glimmering light flew over him again, and in his bliss he could only utter the words,

"Josepha! Josepha! take me to thy faithful breast!"

For the present, the harp took leave with light and trembling tones, till its whispers again were lost in low and trembling sounds!

Strangely affected by the occurrences of the evening, Sellner, as before, tottered back to his chamber. His faithful servant was alarmed with the appearance of his master, and hastened, notwithstanding his orders to the contrary, to the physician, who was at the same time, an old friend of Sellner's. He found him with an attack of fever of the same symptoms as Josepha had, but of far stronger kind. The fever increased considerably, throughout the night, during which he continually raved of Josepha and of the harp.—In the morning he was more composed; for the great struggle was over, and he felt clearly that his dissolution was at hand, though the physician did not perceive it.

The patient disclosed to his friend what had taken place on both evenings; and no opposition of the cool-minded man could bring him from his opinion. As the evening came on, he grew yet weaker, and begged, with trembling voice, to be carried to Josepha's chamber.—This was done. With infinite serenity he gazed around, hailed his fair recollections with silent tears, and spoke calmly, but firmly, of the hour of nine, as the time of his death.—The decisive moment approached, and he desired all to quit his chamber, after he had bid them farewell, except the physician, who persisted in remaining. The ninth hour at length sounded hollow from off the castle tower. Sellner's face was transformed, and a strong impulse glowed on his pallid countenance!

"Josepha," he cried, as if impelled by Heaven, "Josepha, hail me yet once more on my departure, that I may feel thee near, and may overcome death by thy love!"

Then rang the strings of the harp in tones loud and brilliant as the songs of victory, and over the departing one waved a glimmering light!

"I come! I come!" he said, and sunk back, struggling for life.

Yet lower and lower rang the tones of the harp, his last strength was now exhausted by convulsion, and as he departed the harp strings broke at once, as if torn by a spirit's hand.

From the German of Korner.

A GHOST STORY.

THE HARP.

The secretary and his young wife were, yet, in the gay and glittering spring of life. Neither interest nor a mere passing inclination had united them. No; love, ardent, long-tired love, had been the seal of their union. They had early become acquainted with each other's sentiments; but the delay of Sellner's preferment had constrained him to put off the completion of his wishes. At length he received his appointment, and the next Sunday he led his true love, as his wife, to his new dwelling. After the long and constrained days of congratulation and of family festivals, they could, at length, enjoy the fair evening in cordial solitude, undisturbed by any third person. Plans for their future life, Sellner's flute, and Josepha's harp, filled up those hours, which only appeared too short for the lovers; and the sweet harmony of their tones was to them a fair prelude of their future days. One evening they had enjoyed themselves so long with their music, that Josepha began to complain of the headache. She had concealed an indisposition which she had experienced in the morning from her anxious consort, and at first unimportant attack of fever was, by the excitement of the music, and the exertion of the mind, the more increased, as she had, from her youth, suffered much from weak nerves. She now concealed it no longer from her husband, but anxiously sent Sellner after a phy-

REPOSITORY.

FOR THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

I know the mere title of this story will be enough for many. It is common in the present age to laugh at every thing relating to supernatural appearances; but many, after long ridiculing the idea of intercourse between mortals and beings of the invisible world, have at length been forced, by woful experience, to believe and tremble. Belief in ghostly apparitions is by no means confined to the weak and ignorant. I could name many living persons, eminent for talents and learning, who are not ashamed to own their faith in what is too generally considered a vulgar superstition. To say the least, it is a subject worthy of investigation; and if the reader has any candour with his skepticism, I trust he will have patience to read this narrative to the end.

I was a few years ago making a tour through a mountainous district of the state of New-York, with a view of enjoying the grand and picturesque scenery with which it abounds. I performed my peregrinations on horseback; and, after I had made some progress, a negro servant who accompanied me, fell

sick of a fever. Not wishing to delay my journey, I left him at a country inn, under the care of a kind host and hostess, hoping he would be sufficiently restored to recommence travelling by the time I returned. As I had been accustomed to the use of an attendant, I was now unwilling to travel without one; and, on making known my wants to the inn-keeper, he recommended to me an honest fellow, a white man, who lived in the neighbourhood. This person, he said, was well acquainted with the country, and could guide me to any spot I would like to visit. The man, he observed, had but one fault—that of occasionally taking a drop too much. On seeing him I was not displeased with his looks; and, as no better chance offered of supplying myself, I engaged him to attend me till Cesar's recovery. We accordingly set out together, and I visited a number of striking situations among the mountains, the sight of which well repaid me for my toil and travel.

We were one day riding through a rocky and precipitous part of the country, when Tom pointed to an old deserted stone house, which stood a little way from the road.

"Sir," said he, "do you see that house?"

"Yes," I replied, "what of it?"

"It is haunted," said Tom, "which is the reason that nobody lives in it."

He then proceeded to relate a horrible tale of a murder which had been committed there during the revolutionary war. The circumstances were of the most shocking kind; and I thought, if any crime could render accursed the scene of its perpetration, and make it a fit abode of evil spirits, this bloody deed was sufficiently atrocious to do it.

Tom then told me of divers fearful sights, which at different times had been seen within the walls of the building. The most terrible apparition, which, according to his account, haunted it, was that of a murdered man, whose whole body, if a spirit has any, was glazed with congealed gore. At that time, however, I put but little faith in stories of this kind: the tale was soon forgotten, and, for the present, I thought no more of the haunted house.

After I had finished my excursion among the mountains, I returned by the same road. I had several times seen sufficient evidence of the single fault in my new servant of which mine host had warned me; though as yet it had never put me to any great inconvenience. One afternoon, during my return, however, he seemed more than usually intoxicated, and the horse he rode happening to take fright, he was unable in his present situation to check him. Away they went at full speed, and I expected every moment to see the drunken rider thrown to the ground, and perhaps killed. He was, however, an excellent horseman; and though he had now lost the power of managing the unruly animal, he continued, from his habitual skill, to keep his saddle. I followed him some distance with considerable speed; but the inequality of the ground soon hid him from my sight. I still traced him by his horse's tracks, till I came to a fork of the road, when I perceived the animal had taken a path diverging from that I had intended to pursue. I tracked him along this road for some distance; but as night and a storm were both approaching, I soon gave up the chase, and, after regaining my original rout, proceeded as fast as possible, in order to reach some place of shelter. It was growing dark, and a violent thunder storm commenced, just as I was passing the haunted house. The country in that quarter was thinly settled: it was several miles to the next habitation; and the road was rough, and by night dangerous. I therefore concluded, the best thing I could do would be to take refuge for the night in the desolate mansion beside the road. With difficulty I rode up the uneven and scarcely perceptible path, which led to the door: I then dismount-

and, after tying my horse under a shed, which projected from one end of the house, entered the building.

The house had but one story. The windows had long been without sashes, and were covered with boards nailed across them on the inside. The door, which was unfastened, opened into what had originally been an entry, dividing the ground floor into two apartments; but the right hand partition had been removed, which threw the passage and the room on that side into one. The other partition was remaining, and against it was built a staircase leading to the loft. I had in my valise a small wax taper, and implements for striking fire. With the assistance of those I soon produced a light; and gathering some pieces of boards and lath which lay about the floor, I kindled a blaze on the hearth, and seated myself near it to dry my clothes, which were nearly wet through. Here I sat listening to the rain which pattered upon the roof, and pondering upon my lonely and uncomfortable condition. Though I put no faith in superstitious tales I was not always free from that feeling of unearthly awe, to which every person perhaps is subject in certain situations; and the recollection of what I had recently heard, together with the dreariness of the time and place, made me a little nervous.

Before I commenced my journey I had put into my valise a copy of a new comedy; and I now resolved to while away the tedious hours by reading it. I took out the pamphlet, but was vexed to find that I had brought with me, by mistake, the oft read tragedy of Macbeth. This, however, was a production, which will bear many a re-perusal, and having nothing else at hand, I commenced at the entry of the three witches, and read on through all the horrors of the murder and banquet scenes. Though I had ever been an admirer of Shakspeare, I was never so sensible as now of the power he has displayed in writing Macbeth. I entered into all the feelings of the regicide, and every line of the play struck me with indescribable force. If my nerves were disturbed before, this was not likely to soothe them; and on reading to the exit of Banquo's ghost, I threw down the book, completely sated with this kind of entertainment.

The rain had now ceased, but I could see through the crevices of the window-boards that it continued excessively dark: a low growl of thunder was occasionally heard, and the water dropped slowly from the eaves of the house. I could not keep my mind from dwelling on the shocking circumstances connected with the place I was in; and as I pondered

"Quick apprehension throbb'd upon the nerve
"Of each awakened sense, and bade me start
"At every sound."

At length I thought I heard something like a smothered groan. The blood shrank to my heart. I held my breath and listened. I heard it again and again: still I tried to persuade myself that it was but the sighing of the wind or the effect of my imagination. "Pshaw," I exclaimed, and my own voice started me afresh. I was, however, soon forced to believe my senses. I was convinced the sound was real, and produced by some other cause beside the wind: it seemed to proceed from beneath the floor. At length it ceased, and for a while I listened with the utmost intensity, but could hear nothing save the beating of my own heart. Soon I heard the groaning again, plainer than before; and now it evidently rose from the cellar, through a hole in the floor. At length a feeling of shame flashed across me; and I started up with a determination to find out the cause of the mysterious sound. Till then I think I had scarcely moved a hair's breadth since first I heard the noise; and the motion seemed to relieve me, by breaking the trance of suspense and watchfulness in which I had been

held. I opened the door, took my taper in my hand, and, covering it with my hat, proceeded with tremulous steps to the entrance of the cellar from without! The opening in the wall was without any covering, and I stepped slowly and cautiously within it. I had not proceeded far, before I saw in one corner of the vault a small, round, luminous spot like a ball of fire; and once I thought the light of my taper glared upon something resembling the coils of a serpent. I gazed for a few moments before I was able either to advance or retreat; and then turned and made my way as fast as possible back to the apartment I had left.

Had I not been bewildered with terror, I should not again have entered the house; and I had not seated myself many moments before I began to wish myself safe in the open air. I felt, however, incapable of sufficient exertion to move from the spot. Soon after I heard a scratching at the door, which again brought me upon my feet. At another time I should have supposed this noise to have proceeded from a dog, or some other animal; but now every thing seemed to arise from supernatural causes. I durst not confront this new danger, nor attempt to escape by the avenue beset by it. I tried the back door of the house, but it was nailed fast. I then opened the door of the other apartment, but the moment I thrust my head within, a new object of terror presented itself: a meteor of pale and livid light glared on me from the middle of the floor. I clapped to the door, and, after relighting my taper, which had gone out in my flight from the cellar, ascended the staircase. The old steps groaned and creaked as if they would sink under my weight; and when I entered the loft, I heard a voice murmuring words of profaneness. I held up my taper. Horror of horrors! how shall I describe the object which now presented itself to my view? My veins freeze, and my hair stiffens when I call to mind the feelings of that moment. The apparition which Tom had so well described lay extended like a blood-stained corse before me.

The figure of a man—his hair, his features, and his whole person, apparently covered with dried and clotted blood, was stretched on the floor of the loft. I made one spring, and landed half way down the stairs, when several of the rotten steps gave way beneath me, and I fell through into a closet under the staircase. Not much hurt by the fall, I attempted to rise, and, in doing so, laid my hand on a substance, the size and shape of which convinced me it was a human skull. At the same moment I heard the low murmuring voice in the loft, and my ear next the floor, again caught the sound which had first alarmed me from the cellar. Overcome by such a complication of horrors, my feelings grew benumbed, and I became for some time insensible.

As soon as I returned to a state of half consciousness, I made my way, I scarcely know how, out of the house, and hastened forward in the dark, till I fell and rolled down a bank eight or ten feet high. A broken skin, which I received in the fall, completely brought me to myself; and, after rubbing the bruised part awhile, I walked cautiously forward, feeling the ground with my foot before I ventured to step. After I had gone a little way in this manner, I discovered, by the precaution above described, that I was again upon the brink of either a precipice or pit. Just then a flash of lightening showed me that I was within a foot of plunging into an old well. Finding my way continually beset with dangers, I sat down upon a stone, resolved to weather the night as well as I could: luckily sleep soon came to my relief.

When I awoke, the sun was rising. I shuddered on recollecting the horrors I had passed during the preceding night; but I was determined to explore

every part of the haunted mansion, now that I had day-light to aid me. I entered the house and climbed the broken stairs. There were many rents and crevices in the roof, through which the sunbeams fell upon the floor, and spread a dim light through the loft, just sufficient to render objects discernable. A chill of terror again struck to my heart—the sight I had seen was no delusion of fancy, for it was still there. It was the same gory figure; but now it stood upright, and stared wildly and silently upon me. I was not so much unnerved now, as when I first saw it; and the thought which occurred was—

"I'll speak to it,
"Though hell should gape and bid me hold my peace."

After several attempts at articulation, I was able to utter—

"In the name of heaven, and all its saints, what do you want?"

"Half a pint of rum," answered the apparition, "for my bottle is empty."

I recognised the voice of my servant, and the blood with which he was stained immediately changed into a redish coloured mud.

"You drunken rascal," said I, "how came you here?"

"Why, after the horse threw me into the mud-hole, at the fork of the road, I walked here. I knew of no other place but this to sleep in, so I drank up the rest of my rum to make me bold, and crawled up here. I made my nest in the loft, so that the wolvcs, which they say harbour hereabouts, should not find me."

I said no more, but descended, reached my hand into the closet, and drew forth the object which had contributed to heighten my fears. Instead of a skull, it was a large gourd. I then opened the door of the other apartment. In the centre of the floor where I had seen the pale and ghastly meteor, lay a piece of old rotten wood. It now occurred to me, that wood, in a certain stage of decay, possesses a phosphoric quality, and appears luminous in the dark. The cause of this frightful object was explained; and there now remained but one more mystery to be unravelled. I next descended to the cellar. In one corner lay an old sick ram, who, it would seem, had crawled into that place to die. This poor animal had uttered the groans which frightened me; and his eye, for he had but one, having probably lost the other in some butting encounter, reflecting the light of my taper, had produced the appearance of a ball of fire. His large curling horns must have been the serpentine object of which I caught a momentary glimpse. When I left the cellar, I found that Tom had saddled my horse and prepared every thing for moving forward. It will easily be imagined that I was in no gracious humour: as we passed down the declivity, I could scarcely resist an inclination which I felt to throw my tottering attendant into the old well, and make him a ghost in earnest. Gentle reader, will you continue to laugh at those who believe in hobgoblins?

MARMADUKE.